

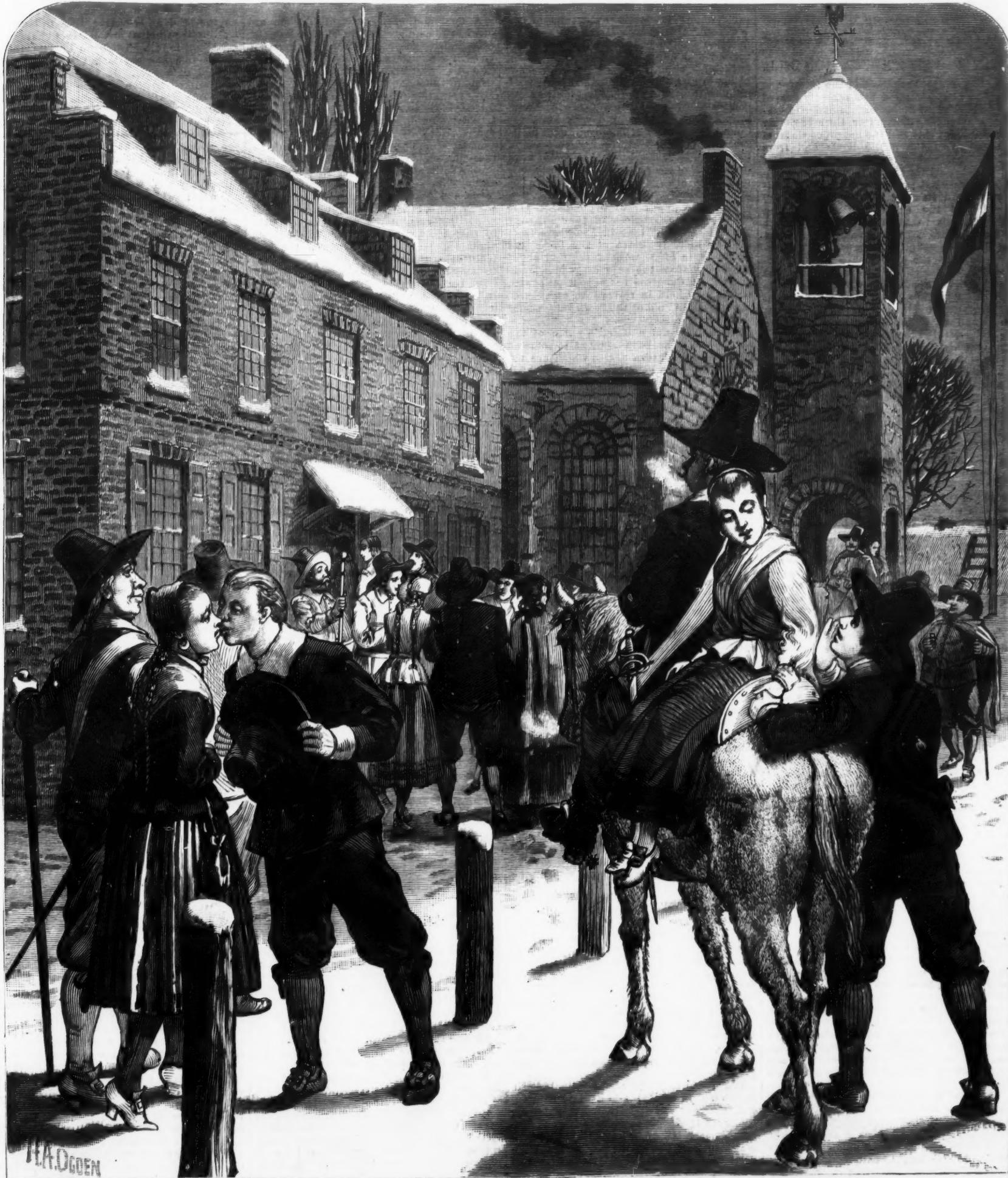
FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

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NEW YEAR'S CALLS IN THE DAYS OF PETER STUYVESANT, GOVERNOR OF NEW AMSTERDAM.
SEE PAGE 315.

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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

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CAUTION.

PERSONS desiring to subscribe for any of our publications should be careful to send their remittances and orders to the street numbers—53, 55 and 57 Park Place—of Frank Leslie's Publishing House. The necessity for this caution is apparent from the language used by Surrogate Calvin, in the Frank Leslie will case, when, in referring to certain imitations of our publications, he said: "It is quite apparent that they (the publications aforesaid) were calculated to deceive, and to some extent interfere with the decedent's publications, and when the name Leslie & Co. was printed upon the covers of two of them, and the copy of one of decedent's headlines—'The Cheapest Magazine in the World'—placed conspicuously at the top of the cover of the alleged simulated publication, and others entitled Frank Leslie, Jr., it may well be doubted whether it needed even an unusually suspicious mind to reach the conclusion NOT ONLY THAT THEY WERE CALCULATED TO DECEIVE, BUT THAT THEY WERE SO INTENDED."

THE BURNSIDE EDUCATION BILL.

A N important measure in the interest of public education has recently passed the United States Senate under the especial instance of Senator Burnside. By the terms of this Bill the net proceeds from the sales of the public lands and from patents granted by the Government are to be set apart for the education of the people. These net proceeds are to be capitalized into a four per cent. interest-bearing fund, and the annual interest accruing therefrom is to be distributed among the several States, Territories and the District of Columbia upon the basis of their population between the ages of five and twenty-five years of age, except that for the first ten years the apportionment shall be made according to the number of the population of ten years old and upwards who cannot read and write. One-third of the income is to be devoted to the endowment of agricultural and industrial colleges, in which provision may also be made for the technical education of women. The fund distributed to each State or Territory is to be administered by the local Boards of Education in each, but the Commissioners of Education at Washington is to have the power of withholding the quota of any State, by refusing to assign a certificate to any State which shall misapply the grants made for this specific purpose.

It is estimated that the sum received from the two sources above designated will amount to \$1,500,000 every year, so that there would be \$60,000 to be distributed for the first year after the system shall have gone into effect, \$120,000 the second year, and so on. The paucity of these appropriations for the first few years (when the need will be the greatest), led to the suggestion by Senator Teller and others that the entire amount of these proceeds should be distributed at once to the States in which the illiteracy is greatest in order that the greatest possible cure of this evil may be effected in the shortest possible time, and with the understanding that posterity will take care of itself after it shall have once become enlightened.

On this question the Senate was equally divided in the end, after having at first favored the Teller Amendment by a slight majority. There are obvious advantages in each of the proposed arrangements, and each of them is beset with a peculiar class of difficulties. To apply the whole of the proceeds at once to the immediate reduction of illiteracy is an alluring programme; but can competent teachers and all the other appliances of education in some of the most destitute of our States and Territories be improvised by Act of Congress? What if, for the want of such conditions precedent, a considerable portion of the proceeds should be squandered? And might not such a large sum, coming at once into the hands of State and Territorial school boards, lead to a decline of local public interest in both the support and the supervision of their public school systems, by creating an impression that the Federal fund was large enough for all necessary purposes? When the State of Connecticut consecrated the proceeds of the Western Reserve in Ohio to the support of public schools in that State, it was found that an annual rate of taxation for school purposes was also indispensable to the efficient and economical conduct of the popular education.

The first appropriations destined to be made under the Bill, as it has passed the Senate, are indeed deplorably small—so small that we do not wonder at the favor with which the Teller Amendment was received by one-half of that body. And if the perils incident to such a wholesale appropriation of the public funds for public school purposes can be sufficiently guarded against by checks and balances on the ad-

ministration of a system suddenly stimulated into a greatly accelerated activity, we should ourselves be in favor of the most expeditious plan that can be devised. But if haste in appropriations is to make waste in expenditure, and to leave behind it at last a want of money and a want of the education which might have been procured by the judicious application of these grants, we should incline to favor the Bill as it stands under this important head.

It is very much that Congress has begun to move officially in the right direction. Not that there is anything new in the step which has been taken; for public grants in the service of public education are as old as the Government, and older still. By an Act of the Continental Congress, passed on the 20th of May, 1785, for the purpose of regulating the disposition of the public lands ceded to the United States by Virginia and the other States, it was enacted that Section 16 in each township should be reserved for the maintenance of public schools, and that two townships in every State should be set apart for the support of a university. The fact that these lands, as thus appropriated for the latter of these purposes, have failed in great measure to accomplish their object in nearly every one of the Western States except Michigan, is no imputation on the benevolent designs of the fathers and founders of the Government, but it does point a pregnant moral in favor of the prudent husbanding and the wise administration of the funds placed at the command of the States for educational purposes. For, since the year 1848, the Congress has been still more liberal in its grants to the new States, and to such of the old States as have chosen to avail themselves of their quotas under this policy, which was always a favorite policy in the mind of Henry Clay. It appears from a memorial addressed to Congress on this subject by the Trustees of the "Peabody Education Fund," that in five years from 1862 to 1866, inclusive of the latter, the single State of Minnesota realized about \$1,324,779 from the sale of public lands granted by Congress for school purposes; and it still held in reserve an amount of land which, if sold at the same rate, would yield nearly \$18,000,000.

Meanwhile, not a dollar's worth of the public lands has been granted to some of the original thirteen States which are to-day in the sorest need of means with which to educate the enfranchised freedmen. And in their education the whole country is to-day scarcely less interested than are people of the States within which the freedmen reside, for these freedmen are now an integral part of the voting and representative population of the country. "A popular government without popular information, or the means of acquiring it, is," said Mr. Madison, "but a prologue to a farce or tragedy, or perhaps both." Recent events in our own history have come to enforce the truth of this pithy saying.

JUSTICE TO MINORITIES.

THERE are some curious possibilities in the present system of electing Congressmen. A heavily Republican State may send to the House of Representatives a delegation two-thirds Democratic. A State in which the Democrats lack only two or three thousand votes of a majority may send a delegation wholly Republican. In one case the political complexion of the State is misrepresented in the National Legislature; in the other case nearly half the voters of the State have no voice whatever in national legislation. If there were five million Democratic voters, and five million five hundred thousand Republican voters in the United States, and this slender Republican majority happened to be evenly divided among all the districts, the five million Democrats would be governed and taxed by a Congress Republican to a man.

This is not ideal representative government. No matter which party is in the minority, common fairness and the real interests of the country require that the minority shall have representation as nearly as possible proportionate to its size. Evils follow wherever the geographical distribution of a party's vote has more weight than its numerical character in determining the result. Partisanship has devised the outrage known as gerrymandering to crowd further injustice upon the minority and perpetuate their wrongs.

While every fair-minded person will admit that minority representation is desirable, it is best to be cautious about accepting off-hand any scheme that proposes to secure it.

Congressman Springer, of Illinois, proposes in a Bill, printed in another column, that after the new apportionment under the census of this year, members of the House be chosen on the cumulative plan. The general principles and methods of cumulative voting are well understood. Its theoretical effectiveness is denied by nobody. In Mr. Springer's own State the system has been in practical operation for several years in the election of members of the lower branch

of the Legislature. He believes that the results there are satisfactory enough to warrant its application to elections for Congress, and he has drawn up a Bill for that purpose. The first fruits in national politics, he thinks, would be destructive to the Solid South, since the Republicans in every Southern State would be able to elect one or more Representatives; and justice to the large Democratic minorities in some of the Northern States, which now are not equitably represented in Congress. Incidentally, at the South, the colored people would regain the power of sending to Washington Representatives of their own race.

This is an alluring programme. A measure that should at one stroke remove the disastrous sectional issue from American politics, fortify the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, and render exact justice everywhere to silenced minorities, would be the phenomenon of modern legislation. We fear, however, that Mr. Springer is trying to fit a three-cornered peg into a square hole. The details of his plan are objectionable because they are crude, clumsy, inadequate, and unfair even in their attempt to secure fairness.

A method that is practicable when applied to fifty-four equal districts in Illinois, each district having just three representatives in the Legislature, might work badly in the numerically unequal Congress districts of the several States. According to Mr. Springer's plan, there would be cumulative voting in some States, and no cumulative voting in others. In some States, therefore, there would be minority representation, and in others no minority representation. In States entitled to Congressmen in number neither three nor five, and not allowing of division into groups of three and five, one district would be left out in the cold; so that in the same State minority representation would be accorded to part of the voters and withheld from another part. Moreover, one of the best features of the present system, the direct responsibility of every member to a distinct body of constituents, would be lost. In sections sending five Representatives, where each Representative now has his own constituency and nothing to do with the four other constituencies, the five Congressmen would practically be elected at large. The evils attendant upon such an innovation are obvious.

We welcome Mr. Springer's measure as evidence that politics in the larger sense can engage the attention of a partisan. The question of minority representation ought to be carefully considered and fully discussed. It is not a question to be disposed of by snap judgment in the rush of pressing business at the fag-end of a session. There is not the slightest possibility of any broad measure of reform going into effect before the apportionment in the next census, ten years hence.

Before that time arrives, the evils of a Solid South and a solidifying North will probably have disappeared through the operation of other causes already apparent.

THE IRISH QUESTION.

THE condition of Ireland at the present moment is one that has fairly driven her Saxon rulers to their wits' ends. For the first time since the repeal of the Union, Ireland is in possession of a Parliamentary representation, honest, independent, daring, resolute, able, eloquent and crafty. The "mere Irish" whom Mr. Farnell leads in the British House of Commons, having broken down their bridges and burnt their boats, have nothing to hope for from any Ministry. They dare not accept place, the Ministry dare not offer it. These men, acting within their rights and outside the walls of St. Stephens, have educated the Irish people to that form of passive resistance which is always most formidable, and until the civilized world is fairly astounded at the marvelous outcome of a system which has shaken feudalism to its very centre and hurled landlordism with its territorial insolence into the very dust. For unarmed Ireland to endeavor to decide the issue other than by peaceful measures were worse than madness, and the attitude of the outraged peasantry of Mayo, while the Orangemen of the North, protected by a powerful military contingent, reaped the crops of the hated boycott, ought to demonstrate to the British Cabinet that the time has come when Ireland will no longer tolerate the continuance of a system which has been sapping her very vitals, and which has left her a beggar and a slave beneath the heel of her ruthless conqueror.

If one additional incentive to sullen determination had been needed, the address of the Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, with which the world is now so familiar, would have supplied it, for it showed the people of Ireland as plainly as the writing on the wall that a trial in Her Majesty's Court of Queen's Bench in Ireland would be—to use the words of Lord Denman on the occasion of the O'Connell

trial—"but a mockery, a delusion and a snare."

That the Land Leaguers have method in their madness goes without saying, and it is this very method which is paralyzing the British Cabinet. The Land League proposes that the land of such landlords as are willing to sell shall be bought by the Government at a fair valuation properly determined. It does not propose to compel any landlord to sell against his will. Its proposition is, that the Government, having bought of those caring to sell, shall then dispose of the land to tenants who will occupy and till it. But it is not to be disposed of to these tenants as a gift. They are only to have the first right to purchase it. It is to be sold to actual occupiers, not to middlemen or speculators. To such tenants as may be able to pay something down the Government is to give a preference, and to make such arrangements as to the balance as will secure its payment in time. Most of the tenants who will be anxious to buy will be unable to pay any proportion of cash, and to them it is proposed that the Government shall advance a sum sufficient to make a first payment, not as a gift, but as a loan, taking a first lien on the land as security; title to be withheld until principal and interest shall have been paid in full. The Land League simply means to make the tenant a lease-holder instead of a serf. It proposes that the landlord shall give a lease for a definite term of years; that the sum named as a rent shall not be increased during that term; that he shall make on the farm the improvements described as permanent, or, if the tenant makes them, that he shall be equitably compensated for them. It proposes that the tenant shall not be evicted except for non-payment of rent, and then on such legal process as shall secure him against injustice.

And it is to carry out this legal programme that the Irish people are banded together to-day, and to prevent its being carried into execution that British regiments of Guards are sent "whooping" into Ireland. We may deplore the violence, the assaults upon person and property, which mark the spread of the present agitation, but it is impossible to dispute the essential justice of the claims which underlie and invigorate it.

THE NORTH AND THE SOUTH.

FOR more than a generation the words "North and South" have been in our political discussions the signs and symbols of an antagonism between two great sections of the Republic—an antagonism injurious alike to both and ever ominous of danger to free institutions. Out of this antagonism grew the civil war whose terrible realities shock us even now after the lapse of so many years; and still the same words, constantly upon our lips, suggest the same dire antagonism that has so long made the stream of American life bitter as the waters of Marah.

Is this antagonism to last for another generation? Is a time never to come when the words North and South shall be the signs of brotherhood and peace and a common devotion to the welfare of the Republic? Is the country given over to a condition of permanent misunderstanding, jealousy and passion? Is the good cause of republican government, so long impelled by our contentions, to be utterly ruined thereby or put back for centuries? We are unwilling to believe that such will be the case.

The antagonism we so much deprecate had its origin in a radical difference of opinion between the two sections in regard to the institution of chattel slavery—the Northern people holding it to be a wrong which discredited the character and menaced the perpetuity of the Republic; the Southern people thinking it justifiable for them and resenting opposition to it as a violation of vested rights. The sincerity of both parties may readily enough be admitted; and if slavery was a sin, it can scarcely be denied that the Northern people themselves were largely responsible for it. So, we remember, the Abolitionists used to affirm, and for that declaration they were long contended and persecuted. But the war into which the nation was plunged by conflicting opinions upon this subject is over, slavery is dead, and the Southern people disclaim any wish to restore it to life; nay, more, they are glad it is buried beyond resurrection, whatever they may think of the means by which the result was achieved. Why, then, should not both sections unite in hushing the passions and forgetting the resentments of the conflict, and strike hands in a common effort to bind the sections together in indissoluble unity?

There have been faults on both sides in the conflicts of the last few years. The parties have not tried as they should to understand and deal fairly with each other. The North has not made due allowance for the circumstances in which the South was placed by the sudden and forcible emancipation of the slaves, and in the process of reconstruction it winked at frauds and scandals which should have filled it with

hot indignation. On the other hand, the South has not always duly considered the embarrassments which the Northern people incurred by emancipation, and the necessity laid upon them by every consideration of honor to protect the rights of the emancipated class. In their efforts to discharge their duties to the negroes they have not always been wise; but we do not hesitate to express the belief that the great intelligent majority of the people of the North are sincerely anxious to do exact justice to the whole people of the South, without oppressing or injuring either whites or blacks. We have inconsiderate, misinformed and strongly prejudiced people in this part of the country; but there is nothing which the vast majority of our citizens so much desire as an honorable settlement of differences between themselves and the South—a settlement that shall be just to all concerned, shall secure every man in all his rights, and from which all merely partisan influences and advantages shall be eliminated. And we are equally sure that there is a large body of Southern people who most sincerely reciprocate this feeling. If there were any way by which the best people of both sections could be brought together in daily friendly intercourse for a few months, so that they could look into each other's faces and discuss their differences calmly and wisely, with no intermixture of partisan feeling, they would surely come to a speedy agreement.

It seems to us that a time has arrived when it is the solemn duty of every good citizen to labor with might and main to bring the two sections together, not in one political party, but in a common patriotic purpose to forget past differences, to extinguish old resentments, and to make the foundations of the Republic secure by doing exact justice to all its inhabitants, without distinction of section, party or race. General Garfield, it seems to us, has an opportunity such as has rarely been witnessed for the exhibition of a broad and noble statesmanship. Let us hope that he appreciates this opportunity, and that before the end of his term the words North and South shall be the signs and symbols of a true national fraternity.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

CHRISTMAS has scarcely been a very merry season in Europe. Although peace is general all over the Continent, there are not wanting premonitions of disturbance which may be realized in spite of modern diplomacy. Foremost among these is the critical position of Turkey and Greece. The frontier which was arranged for these two countries under a clause of the Treaty of Berlin is altogether unsatisfactory to the Porte, and the Sultan absolutely refuses to put the decision of the Arbitrators into effect. Under ordinary circumstances, it would be incumbent upon the Great Powers that were represented at Berlin to insist upon the execution of their award; but there is apparently a reaction in public feeling throughout Europe rendering any active interposition in behalf of Greece impossible. Of late, France has shown some desire to propose a further arbitration, and it is announced that Austria, France, Italy and Germany have agreed to an arbitration on condition that all the Powers can be persuaded to also give their adhesion, and that Turkey and Greece will promise to stand by the decision of the new Tribunal. M. Comoundouros, the Greek premier, has, however, put an immediate end to this proposition, for he has instructed the Greek Ministers at the different courts to decline any such interposition. The Porte is much more favorable to a re-opening of negotiations, for the Turks believe that the boundary question would, in case of any new discussion, be settled in a manner more satisfactory to them. Certainly, it could not be more unfavorable than was the Berlin award, and this fact sufficiently explains the action of the Greek Ministry. Mr. Goschen, the British Ambassador at Constantinople, has resolved not to return thither unless authorized by England to back up his intervention with something more forcible than words.

This will certainly not be allowed to him, for England, in addition to her Irish troubles, has another of her tiresome African wars on hand.

The present outbreak is quite different from the Zulu or Ashantee wars, for it is caused by the revolt of the Boers or Mandants of the Dutch settlers in the Transvaal. When England colonized Cape Town and little by little drove the Dutch up the country, they formed various republics as they went. Of these the most famous was that which was founded by the famous Pretorius across the Orange River. A few years ago Sir Theophilus Shepstone reduced them to subjection, and the present rising is an attempt to throw off the British yoke.

According to the news which has been received, five thousand Boers have taken up arms, seized Heidelberg and established a republic, making Paul Kruger their President and Joubert their Commandant. All communication with Pretoria has been cut off, and although no act of violence has as yet been committed, still the position of the colonials is every perilous. They have applied to the Home Government for troops, and Lord Kimberley, the Colonial Secretary, is at his wits' end to manage matters so as to spare some troops for the Transvaal at a time when every regiment that can be spared is wanted in Ireland. The whole management of colonial matters in South Africa has been remarkably bad, and as soon as Parliament meets it will be a topic for grave discussion. One thing is

evident, that a state of war exists in the Transvaal, and that England is pledged to subjugate the Dutch Boers. The Basutos, who were lately in rebellion, will undoubtedly be stirred up again by the revolt of the Boers, and the British Government will find another trouble in addition to the present petty wars which they have on their hands.

The religious troubles which exist in several European countries have again been brought prominently forward. In France an Orleanist, M. Buffet, questioned the Government as to the removal of crucifixes from the public elementary schools by order of M. Herold, the Prefect of the Seine. It was fully proved that the law gave the local authorities the power to remove such religious emblems, but at the same time it was shown that they were removed in what to many persons seemed a sacrilegious manner. M. Herold stated that he had punished the workmen who had taken the crucifixes irreverently and flung them into the vans which were waiting at the doors of the schools; but the flippant tone of the Prefect's speech, and especially his statement that it was merely a question of school furniture, caused a howl against him. The Prefect was forced to tender his resignation, and for some time it looked as if M. Ferry, the Prime Minister, and M. Constant, the Minister of Public Worship, might be compelled to resign. But wiser counsels prevailed, and M. Herold has withdrawn his resignation. The Prefect is one of Gambetta's intimates, for, as long ago as during the great Tribune's student days, M. Herold used to invite him to dinner and make much of him. In return for this kindness, Gambetta, when he became powerful, enabled his old friend to enter the Municipal Council of Paris, and ever since he has been a prominent figure in Parisian municipal circles.

In Germany a religious question also continues to give trouble. The anti-Semitic crusade, as the movement against the Jews is called, is increasing in bitterness, and at a meeting in Berlin resolutions were passed pledging the meeting not to support any Liberal for Parliament who will not vote for the suppression of the liberty of the Jews, and also to buy nothing from Jewish firms or shops. Even the fact that many theatres are managed and controlled by Jews is sought to be made subject for attack, and the Jewish newspapers are now beginning to complain that the bias of the Government against them is apparent.

The approach of Christmas has stirred up all churches to push their missions among the heathen, and the Pope's encyclical letter on behalf of foreign missions has caused renewed activity. A rather ludicrous incident in connection with these missions has been brought to light in reference to the great African potentate, King Mtesa. It appears that His Majesty began life as an ardent worshiper of the goddess Luhabi, but, tempted by a present of several obsolete muzzleloaders, he joined the Mussulmans. Shortly afterwards, Stanley invaded his kingdom, and his glowing accounts of that country induced several well-intentioned English people to send out missionaries at a very large expense. Their handsome breechloaders convinced King Mtesa that Protestantism was the best kind of religion, until the arrival of several Jesuits from Algiers, bringing gorgeous vestments and magnificent rifles, conclusively showed that Roman Catholicism was the proper creed. But quite lately his subjects, who had become rather wearied by the constant change in the churches, represented to His Majesty that he had acquired all the powder and guns which he was likely to get from missionaries, and that it would be much more satisfactory if he would return to the religion of his fathers. The King, according to the latest accounts, has accepted their advice, and is once more a firm believer in the great goddess of the Lake Luhabi.

The enormous increase in emigration from Italy to our shores has alarmed the Italian Government. It was recently proposed that the State should found colonies under the protection of the Government, and it is probable that something will soon be done.

THE labor clubs of Fall River, Mass., have adopted resolutions condemning the course of a portion of the mill operatives in engaging in a recent strike, and declaring that strikes should be the last resort in the settlement of difficulties. This decision is as sensible as it is unexpected, and we should be glad to see it generally accepted as the standard of action by labor organizations everywhere.

THERE is a growing conviction among close observers that Mr. Frye, of Maine, will be the Republican candidate for Speaker of the next House, unless he shall be meanwhile elected to the Senate as Mr. Hamlin's successor. At present, Mr. Hale seems to lead all competitors for the latter place. Mr. Hale is much the stronger man, intellectually, but he is not rich, and that fact will prove an element of weakness in any contest with Mr. Hale.

THE Senatorial contest in Ohio has been greatly simplified by the withdrawal of Governor Foster, who has generally been supposed to have the prize practically within his grasp. In his letter of withdrawal he says that his course is dictated by a desire to avert "antagonisms hurtful to the future welfare of the party," and there is no reason to doubt that this is the precise fact in the case. Secretary Sherman has so long regarded himself as holding a first mortgage on the Republican Party, that a rejection of his supposed claims just now would no doubt provoke a serious fight of factions, with consequences to the party altogether undesirable. Governor Foster will lose nothing in public estimation by his magnanimous course, but there are a good many people who will regret that by his

retirement the question of the Senatorship has been so far settled as to make any successful opposition to Secretary Sherman's election altogether improbable.

GENERAL SHERMAN evidently does not relish the idea of being thrust aside from his command in the Army by the creation of the office of Captain-General for General Grant. He feels, very naturally, that such a proceeding would be unjust to him, while at the same time there is no reason whatever why the service should be burdened with another altogether useless official. He says, with his usual directness: "The service is embarrassed already with too much rank for our small army, and I don't know what a Captain-General will find to do." The public, we fancy, is very much of General Sherman's opinion.

THERE are signs of a general break-up in the Tammany Hall organization. It is already torn by violent internal dissensions; a considerable number of prominent members have withdrawn, and John Kelly is likely to lose the support of a good many of his former confederates, who as yet have not entirely broken away from his control. Some of his warmest supporters in the past are now criticizing his methods with a severity and emphasis altogether unprecedented. If the outcome of this agitation and conflict shall be a thorough reorganization of the Democratic Party in this city, there will be solid reason for congratulation among the friends of honest politics and good government everywhere throughout the country.

CONGRESSIONAL manners do not appear to have improved with the elimination of what used to be called the "plantation" element. Messrs. Sparks and Weaver, who last week disgraced themselves and the House by a violent wrangle, could give the most accomplished Southern bulldozer lessons in ruffianism and indecency of manners. Mr. Sparks, especially, may be regarded as a master in this particular art. Displays of this sort on the floor of Congress do more to humiliate us in the eyes of other nations than the worst excesses of our political controversies, and the House will not do its duty unless it shall in all cases hereafter rebuke, in the sternest manner—by expulsion if necessary—the members who offend its rules and all the proprieties of their position.

If the Government shall fail to protect the Indian tribes which it has induced to settle in the Territory now threatened by invasion, it will deserve the contempt of every lover of justice and fair play. There is no reason whatever why it should deal with Payne's border mob in any other spirit than that of stern determination. It cannot afford, if it has any respect for its own authority, to permit the laws of the land to be openly and repeatedly violated and defied. The House of Representatives evidently has no sympathy with the movement now in progress, for it very emphatically condemned, last week, an attempt to smuggle in a Bill to give possession of the Indian Territory to white settlers; and it is to be hoped that the Executive may exhibit equal firmness in maintaining the rights of the tribes who have been solemnly guaranteed by us the undisturbed possession of the lands they now occupy.

WHILE the more stalwart Republicans are hoping that General Garfield will model his Cabinet according to their particular standards, there is some reason to believe that he will recognize the Conservative element of the party in his selection of Cabinet advisers, and, with a view of making his Administration truly national, will give the South one or more representatives in it. It is to be hoped, in the interest of national pacification, that the result may justify this expectation. The South is just now in a transition state; old foundations are breaking up, and with the disappearance of old antagonisms men are seeking new political alliances. An appeal by the President elect to this new thought and spirit of the South could scarcely fail to stimulate its development and inspire the better class of Southern men with renewed courage in the work of wholesome and healthful reconstruction upon which they have entered. General Garfield has generally been regarded as a man of broad statesmanship, and we have confidence that he will give a fresh exhibition of the justice of this estimate in the selections he will make of Cabinet officials.

AMONG the Bills recently introduced into Congress is one for the establishment of a national "Snug Harbor," to encourage American seamen and provide a home for seamen who are aged, helpless and permanently disabled. The institution is to be located in Washington, and is to have accommodations for four hundred patients. In order to be eligible to its benefits, a seaman must have sailed, for a period aggregating not less than five years, in American vessels, and must produce evidence that his permanent disability was contracted in the line of duty, and further, that he is without means of support. The home is to be maintained out of the Marine Hospital Fund, which is made up of the proceeds of sales of condemned property, condemned live stock, unclaimed money and the proceeds of sales of unclaimed effects left by deceased seamen, and remaining in the hands of the Secretary of Treasury or Customs officers. It is understood that the Bill will be vigorously pressed, and confidence is expressed that it will become a law at the present session of Congress. There is certainly a demand for some institution of this sort, and there can be no doubt that the influence on our national marine of such an act of generous consideration by the Government would be in every way salutary.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THERE is great activity all along the Hudson in gathering the ice harvest.

FOURTEEN Chinese lepers were shipped from San Francisco for Hong Kong last week.

MR. INGALLS has introduced in the Senate a Bill to admit New Mexico as a State of the Union.

THE trustees of Cornell University have appropriated \$100,000 to increase their facilities for instruction.

THE New York Court of Appeals, for the first time since its organization, adjourned last week for the year, with its calendar entirely disposed of and for want of business.

A SCOUT who has just returned to the camp of the Oklahoma colonists reports the Indian Territory full of people.

HON. S. S. COX, of New York City, is seriously ill, and may not be able to return to his seat in the House for some weeks.

THE Funding Bill will be taken up in the House after the holiday recess, when general debate will be limited to one day.

THE public debt for December will probably show an increase, because of the payment of extraordinary large sums of money.

THE Oklahoma colonists at Caldwell, Kansas, have resolved to remain in camp, despite the severe weather, and maintain their organization.

A BILL to prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquors outside of incorporated cities has passed one branch of the South Carolina Legislature.

THE British bark *Fontabella* was wrecked on a reef at the entrance to the harbor of Falmouth, Jamaica, December 10th, and eight lives lost.

THE Massachusetts savings banks have earned during the past year nearly \$12,000,000, and the percentage of earnings to that of assets is 5 3-10.

THE grain firm of Jones & McDonald, of Chicago, failed last week, with liabilities of about \$600,000, and assets approximating \$450,000.

THE is a general feeling at the Capitol that the Forty-seventh Congress will be required to meet in March to complete work begun by the present body.

BROADWAY, between Fourteenth and Twenty-sixth Streets, in New York City, was lighted one night last week by electric lamps, the experiment being highly successful.

IT is reported in Washington that the recent Federal appointments in New York indicate the hostility of the incoming Administration to Senator Conkling.

IT is said that additional appropriations for pensions for the current year will be required to the amount of \$18,282,305. The appropriation already made is \$3,475,000.

DIPHTHERIA and smallpox are on the increase in Chicago. In the smallpox hospital there are thirty-three cases. Ten cases of diphtheria were reported on one day last week.

AN amendment to the Constitution fixing the number of Judges of the Supreme Court has been introduced in the Senate by Mr. Whyte. The number is not named in the joint resolution.

THE Ponca chiefs now in Washington declare that they desire to remain in the Indian Territory and to make permanent homes there, to sell their Dakota land, and to acquire title to their reservation in the Indian Territory.

JUDGE LEVI PARSONS, of New York City, has presented Union College, at Schenectady, with \$50,000 for the benefit of worthy students of the college. This is Judge Parsons' second gift to Union College, he having given it \$50,000 last winter.

ALBERT SPEYER, formerly a well-known Wall Street broker, who was conspicuously identified with the enormous speculations which culminated in the Black Friday of 1869, died on December 21st at his country residence in New Jersey, of cancer of the stomach.

A DELEGATION of twelve Sioux Indians, chiefs and headmen from the Lower Brule Agency, have arrived in Washington, for the purpose of conducting negotiations with the representatives of several lines of railway relative to granting the right of way through their reservation.

EUGENE FAIRFAX WILLIAMSON, or "Gentleman Joe," as he was called, the adventurer who last Spring persecuted the Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix by means of postal cards, advertisements, and other devices, and who was punished by imprisonment in Sing Sing, died in the prison on Wednesday of last week.

THE first annual dinner of the New England Society of Brooklyn, last week, was attended by President Hayes, Generals Grant and Sherman, Secretary Everts and other distinguished guests. The honors were divided by the President and ex-President. The 75th anniversary dinner of the New England Society of New York also took place last week.

IT is proposed to try Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage before the Brooklyn Presbytery on the charge before he swore falsely on his former trial when he testified that he had made no contract with the *Advocate* newspaper until after he had left the *Christian at Work*. It is now alleged that a contract with the *Advocate* is in existence which was signed by Mr. Talmage ten days before he left the other paper.

Foreign.

VAST quantities of iron are now being transported from the iron mines of Spain to England.

TYPHUS fever is increasing in the south of Russia. There are 300 cases now in the hospital at Odessa.

AN English company has offered the Government of San Domingo a loan of \$3,000,000 on favorable terms.

IT is worthy of note that the entire garrison in Ireland does not include a single distinctively Irish regiment.

DURING 1879 7,000 inhabitants of the province of Kharkoff, Russia, died of diphtheria, and 5,000 during the first ten months of 1880.

ON account of the turbulent state of Ireland and the increasing disaffection among the Irish people of London, it has been decided that the Queen will not open Parliament in person.

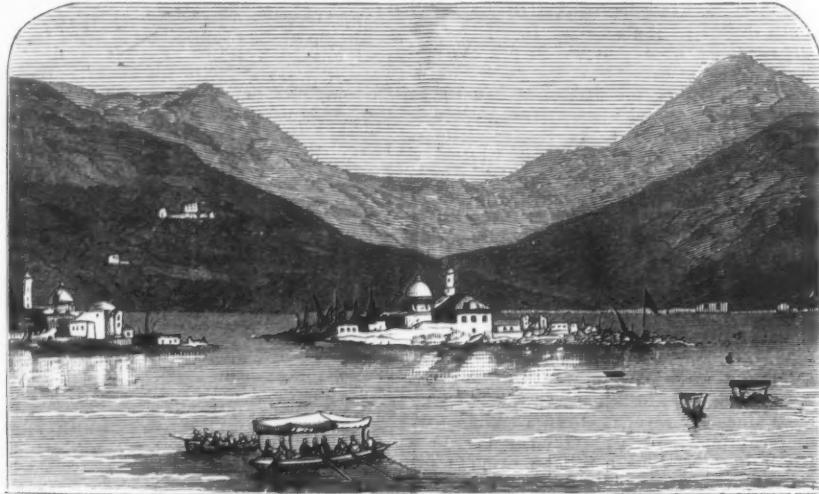
PROFESSOR HINDS, of Windsor, N. S., says he has discovered systematic falsifications in the Fishery Departmental papers, and, unless prevented by the Dominion Government, will forward them to Washington.

THE Grand Orange Lodge of Ireland has resolved to enroll a number of men who will always hold themselves in readiness to assist persons who are "Boycotted." The Pope has addressed a recommendation to the Irish Bishops, urging them to use efforts towards effecting the pacification of the country.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—See Page 315.



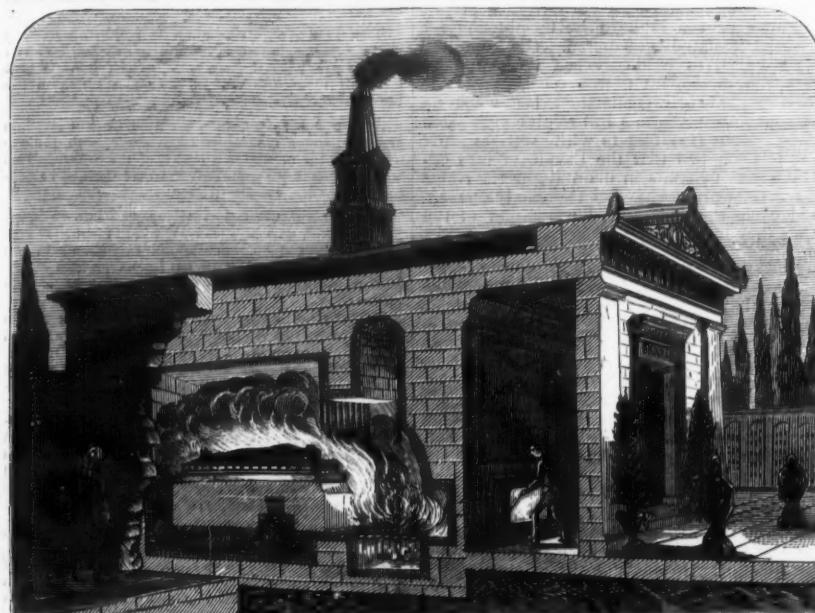
MONTENEGRO.—A PUBLIC WASH IN DULCIGNO.



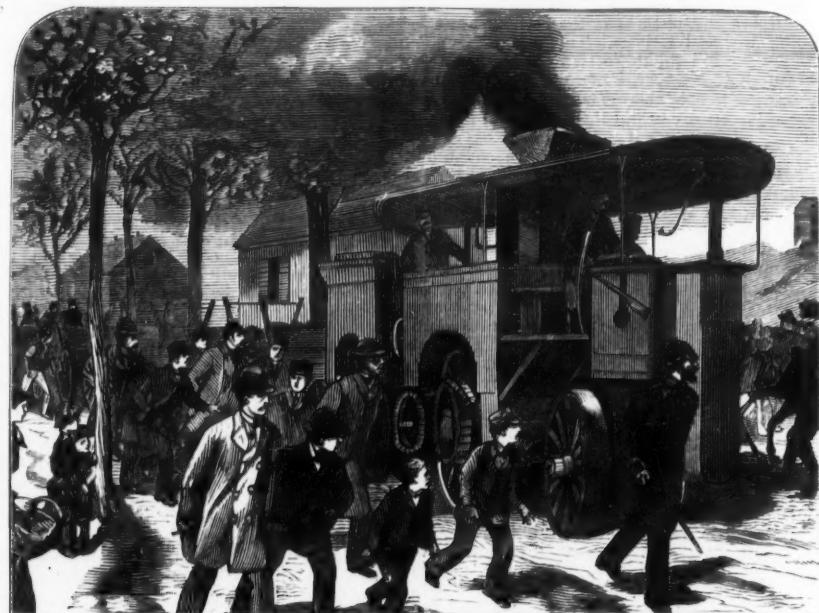
MONTENEGRO.—ISLANDS OF ST. GEORGE AND THE VIRGIN, IN THE BAY OF CATTARO.



RUSSIA.—ARREST OF ALLEGED NIHILISTS AT KIEF.



ITALY.—THE NEW CREMATORIUM AT MILAN.



GERMANY.—NEW TRACTION ENGINE FOR HEAVY FIELD WORK.



ENGLAND.—NORTH LONDON CONSUMPTIVE HOSPITAL, HAMPSTEAD.



WALES.—NEW FREE LIBRARY AND SCHOOL OF ART AT CARDIFF.

HON. WILLIAM B. WOODS,
U. S. SUPREME COURT.

HON. WILLIAM B. WOODS, whose nomination on December 15th to be an Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court, to succeed Mr. Justice Strong, resigned, has been confirmed, is an Ohio man, although accredited to Georgia. Mr. Woods was born in Newark, O., was graduated from Yale College in 1845; studied law; was elected Speaker of the Ohio House of Representatives in 1857, and was re-elected in 1859. In 1861 he entered the army as Lieutenant-Colonel of the Seventy-sixth Ohio Infantry, and at the close of the war had attained the rank of Brigadier-General and brevet Major-General. He took up his residence in Alabama, where he was mustered out of service. In 1868 he was chosen a State Chancellor for six years, but resigned to accept the United States Circuit Judgeship of the Fifth District, comprising the States of Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi and Texas. He was appointed to that office from Alabama.

As Judge Woods has his residence in the Fifth Circuit, he will of course be assigned to that circuit, and thereby Associate Justice Bradley, whose old home is at Newark, N. J., and who has always been restive under the necessity of living so far away from home, will be enabled to take the place of Judge Strong in the Third Circuit, comprising the States of Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware. Judge Woods has been long enough on the bench in the South to become familiar with the relics of the old French and Spanish systems of law, which still prevail in that section, to make his special knowledge very valuable on the bench of the Supreme Court.

AN EPISODE OF FUNDING LEGISLATION.

A DISGRACEFUL scene was enacted on the floor of the House of Representatives on Tuesday, December 21st. The principals were Messrs. Weaver, of Iowa, and Sparks, of Illinois. Nothing but the prompt and forcible intervention of the friends of the parties saved the House from the spectacle of a rough-and-tumble fight beneath the nose of the Speaker. The disturbance arose during a discussion of the Funding Bill, when the House was acting in Committee of the Whole, with Mr. Covert in the chair. Mr. Gillette opened the debate by reading a speech against the Bill, and yielded the remainder of his time to Mr. Weaver, who said he would prefer to speak on the Bill at some future day. Other remarks, however, caused him to reconsider his determination, and he began speaking. He spoke severely of Democratic leaders, policy and methods, and, when frequently interrupted by members of both political faith, he answered all queries with much coolness and good nature.

Finally, Mr. Weaver and Mr. Bland got into a colloquy of a somewhat personal character, into which Mr. Sparks, member from Illinois, who is noted for pomposity of manner and irritability of temper, unnecessarily intruded himself. During the merriment caused by one of Mr. Weaver's stinging replies to Mr. Bland's questions, Mr. Sparks was heard to say, "That is a falsehood." In the prevailing confusion Mr. Weaver evidently could not determine which of his interlocutors made the offensive remark, and therefore took no notice of it.

When Mr. Weaver had concluded, Mr. Bland obtained the floor and attacked Mr. Weaver's record



*Rushmore, mis
WB Woods*

HON. WILLIAM B. WOODS, NEWLY-APPOINTED ASSOCIATE JUSTICE OF THE UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT.

in and out of the House, as a Greenbacker, and repeated the charges made against him during the Presidential campaign of having a secret understanding with the Republicans for the advantage of the Garfield Electoral ticket. Mr. Weaver attempted several times to correct these damaging allegations, but Mr. Bland refused to yield, and thus Mr. Weaver was forced to wait until he could obtain the floor in his own right.

When Mr. Bland had concluded his remarks, Mr. Weaver again took the floor, and pronounced the allegations that he had proved disloyal to the Greenback Party as false. As he was about concluding his remarks, Mr. Sparks arose and referring to the episode between himself, Bland and Weaver, already described, proceeded to make an explanation. He said that the offensive words were the result of a misunderstanding. He did not intend to say that a statement made by Mr. Weaver was false, but that a certain allegation that had been made by some one else was false. Mr. Weaver seemed satisfied with the explanation. Of course, it proceeded from a misunderstanding, but in a good-natured manner he cautioned Mr. Sparks against the free use of such terms as "falsehood" and "liar." Many events that occurred in the House of Representatives had necessarily to be overlooked, but it should not be forgotten that "falsehood" and "liar" were regarded in some localities as fighting words, and if those terms were applied to him outside of the House and within reach of his arm, he would strike the man who uttered them. This was delivered without any apparent feeling on Mr. Weaver's part, but it was a palpable hit at Mr. Sparks, who, in a moment of passion, and without the slightest provocation, called Mr. Clymer a liar during a colloquy on the Army Bill last winter.

The applause that greeted Mr. Weaver's reply to Mr. Sparks added to the discomfiture of that gentleman and caused him to lose his temper completely. He made some rejoinder to Mr. Weaver that could not be heard in the gallery because of the confusion, but Mr. Weaver was heard to say, in his usual cool way: "It is all right. You have made an apology. I would not harm a hair of your head; but don't make any mistake about me. My fighting weight is 185 pounds, and my address is Bloomfield, Iowa."

This increased the general merriment and increased Mr. Sparks's anger. Shaking his fist at Mr. Weaver, he shouted: "I have a contempt for that man's arm. It can't be used to hurt me. The manner in which he received my explanation shows that he is not a gentleman, a fact of which his conduct in the Presidential campaign has given abundant proof."

At this point Mr. Weaver lost his temper and replied to Mr. Sparks: "In the presence of the House of Representatives, I denounce you as a liar."

This explosion startled the House, which had been silenced by the belligerent attitude of the two principals, and members rushed down the aisles and crowded about them. "And I denounce you as an unmitigated scoundrel," rejoined the irate Sparks.

The two men, during this exchange of compliments, were standing within six or eight feet of each other. Mr. Sparks stood at Mr. Ewing's desk, which is in the front row on the Democratic side, and Mr. Weaver stood on the same side, at the desk of Mr. Carlisle, which is third from the front row on the main aisle. For a moment after Mr. Sparks's retort Mr. Weaver stood motionless, gazing at his burly antagonist, as if selecting an advantageous point for attack. Buttoning his coat, he moved



DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.—MEMBERS OF CONGRESS ENDEAVORING TO PREVENT A PERSONAL ENCOUNTER BETWEEN MESSRS. WEAVER, OF IOWA, AND SPARKS, OF ILLINOIS, IN THE HALL OF THE REPRESENTATIVES, DECEMBER 21ST.—FROM A SKETCH BY JARROD HARRISON.

rapidly towards Mr. Sparks, who, in the meantime, had sat down. Mr. Weaver arrived almost within arm's reach of his foe before the surrounding members recovered from their astonishment and realized that an actual fight was imminent.

Mr. Sparks rose when he saw Mr. Weaver coming. As Mr. Weaver approached, Mr. Sparks reached back for his chair and partially raised it. The crowd in the Speaker's space and around the aisles had not obstructed Mr. Weaver up to this time. Suddenly there was a movement in the crowd, and Edwin Einstein, of New York, ran up behind Mr. Weaver and over his shoulders. Mr. Einstein threw his burly arms, At the same time John G. Thompson, the Sergeant-at-Arms, stepped in front of Mr. Weaver and caught one arm. Two or three members grasped the other. Mr. Weaver threw them off like children. Mr. Townsend, of Illinois, when Mr. Einstein caught Weaver, placed his arms around Mr. Sparks, and several others near by surrounded him and held him to his seat. The crowd then surged in between the two men. The confusion was deafening. Mr. Weaver and Mr. Sparks, removed by the crowd ten feet apart, were struggling to break away, each eager seemingly for a settlement on the spot. While the noise was at its height, Mr. Randall left his seat in committee and rushed down the aisle to his desk. Snatching his gavel from the exhausted hands of Mr. Covert, he nearly split the desk with it. The lull finally came, and with it the Speaker shouted to the Sergeant-at-Arms to see that members became seated and that order was resumed. By this time there was little occasion for such instructions. Mr. Weaver and Mr. Sparks had taken their seats, and with their retirement the crowd also fell back. Mr. Thompson, however, caught up his mace, and with much solemnity made a dignified and imposing tour of the hall. Then Mr. Springer moved an adjournment. The committee was still in session, and Mr. Weaver had the floor. The motion should have been for the committee to rise. With the same degree of coolness that had characterized Mr. Weaver's conduct throughout the difficulty with Mr. Sparks, he rose and claimed the floor, but merely to yield that the committee rise. This was done, and the House adjourned on the motion of Mr. McLane.

On Wednesday, after two hours' discussion as to what should be done with the offending members, they were allowed to apologize to the House, and the various resolutions were by vote laid aside.

THE CASTLE OF MYSTERIES.

AT the close of the fifth day of a pedestrian tour of mine, made many years ago, I found myself in a wild, mountainous district in Tuscany. It was the sublimest scene I had ever beheld—mountains, deep gorges and ravines, where, unseen, waters roared with ceaseless moans; difficult passes with gray peaks glowering down in frowning solitude, while over all brooded the angry, menacing skies. A severe storm was imminent—one of those furious, destructive night-storms that are notorious in this wild region—and I descended from my admiration of sublimity to the lesser but more important consideration of self-preservation. From my station on the desolate pass, the only signs of human life visible were the ruins of a magnificent castle, situated upon the summit of a huge mountain some little distance away, and whose frowning turrets and crumbling battlements reared upwards to the lowering sky in grim defiance. Determined to seek the shelter of it, I started on my perilous way across the boulders and chasms. The storm had now begun in all its fury, but I continued my course until I at last arrived at the summit of the mountain, myself bruised and exhausted by the journey and the storm. The grim, colossal pile stood before me in its frowning, mysterious majesty, and challenged my deepest awe and admiration. I could not refrain from inspecting it, even at such a moment as this. I paused before the great bronze door. Age and destruction were on every side of me, mingled with a grandeur that even time could not impair. The crumbling walls were black and time-stained, and here and there showed the desolate greenness of the faithful ivy. Through the arches and disused corridors the night winds swept with shrill moans, and directly after my entrance into the vestibule, a flock of birds rushed with shrill cries from their roosts above my head, where they had sought shelter from the storm.

It certainly was not a place calculated to inspire cheerful sensations, yet its gloom and mystery attracted me. Lifting the ponderous and rusty tongue of the huge lion's head that served for a knocker, I let it drop; and although I do not flatter myself when I affirm that I am not of a cowardly nature, I must confess that my back showed a decided tendency to break into gooseflesh at the hollow boom that went thundering through what seemed to be caverns of endless length, and awoke echoes that had long been silent. Then followed a deathlike silence—if silence there can be in raging winds and beating rains, in the wild screeches of the storm-birds and the sullen booming of the angry sea. Yet the ruins gave forth no sound save as the wind swept through the crumbling arches. At last my patience was rewarded by the rattling of chains and the drawing of bolts; the huge door swung cautiously open, and a grizzly head and a sour, lowering face met my anxious gaze, while two small, rat-like eyes glared at me in silence. As well as I could, in the din of the storm, I made known my situation. "We don't keep a lodging-house or *table d'hôte* in Castle d'Orient," said the hag, scowling vindictively in my wet and soiled face. "But my lord said you might come in, it do rain so like the devil."

I hastily accepted the generous hospitality, and, shrinking into as small a compass as possible, edged myself through the small aperture the amiable portress had allowed me for entrance.

Again bolting and chaining the door, she turned to me.

"Stay here until I see my lord and find out what is to be done with you," said this bland individual.

"Madame," I began, bristling with outraged dignity, but ceased as I found myself addressing space, and uninterruptedly contemplating the back of the swiftly retreating servant. From that moment I determined to accept matters as I found them, and make the most of my situation, which certainly was superior to

the one I had so recently found myself in. I looked around me; I was in a vaulted sepulchral corridor, whose gloomy length lost itself in impenetrable darkness. Above my head, where frescoed heavens had once gleamed, mildew and dust disputed for absolute possession; on the walls, through the stains and grim darkness of decay, showed dimly the faded glories of ancient paintings; the floor, I could just discern, was of rarest mosaic, though here, too, time and destruction had done their fell work. Afar down the hall burned an ungodly-looking lamp of weird, dragon-shape, from whose flaming eyes a peculiar light was shed upon that immediate vicinity. By this aid I discovered the massive staircase; the steps were broad and black, and anon a cold blast swept down them, showing that even this inhabited portion of the castle was not proof against the terrible tempest. Yet the walls were of such incredible solidity, despite their age, that but few sounds save a muffled roar penetrated from the angry and deluged outer world. There was a death-like and oppressive silence over the decayed grandeur of my surroundings, upon which silence, I gradually became aware, broke the steady tread of mysterious feet. This sound proceeded down the staircase from above, and, though far from loud, seemed overflowing with a savage suppressed intensity and was distinctly audible. Back and forth went that low, steady, unwavering tread, to which I listened in a strained and unconsciously nervous condition, realizing the mystery of my surroundings. Finally the steps paused, and instinctively glancing up where the massive staircase lost itself in the gloom above, I beheld two flaming eyes glaring down at me, and made more startling by the surrounding darkness. Whether they belonged to man, beast, or devil, I could not tell, but stood staring helplessly into those burning, scintillating orbs. Minutes passed; I was in a cold perspiration; at last the old hag, who I now confessed looked more like a witch than a human being, and who had admitted me, appeared; then on my ears again broke that sooty, monotonous tread, and, glancing up quickly, I was relieved to see that those lurid eyes had disappeared.

"Follow me!" said my companion, and with many secret misgivings I obeyed her, as she led the way up the steps to those mysterious regions above. The sound of that footfall had again ceased, but to my satisfaction I reached my destination unmolested. The servant, throwing open a massive door, showed me into a lofty apartment, hung in rich but faded tapestry.

"My lord!" she said, after which brief introduction she withdrew.

I looked up curiously. I stood before a man of majestic stature and lordly mien. He was, I judge, about five-and-thirty years of age, and his dark, stormy countenance denoted him to be a man entirely given over to the dominion of his passions—haughty, dominant, yet with that gloss and polish that proclaims the Italian noble in whatever guise he is found. I knew at once that I was in the presence of one of those wild, lawless mountain lords that occasionally inhabit their feudal castles in this portion of Tuscany. He bowed courteously, sweeping me with his great piercing eyes, then spoke, and his voice was sweet as a woman's.

"I suppose my servant has told you that we are deviating from an established rule in admitting a stranger; but it were worse than inhuman to do otherwise upon such a night as this. You are welcome."

I thanked him somewhat proudly, and observed that I could give undisputed evidence to my respectability. At my words and manner, he regarded me curiously and with slight interest, then a weary, mocking smile played briefly around his chiseled lips, lighting his dusky face into still greater beauty.

"You are very kind, but—shall I confess it?—respectability is nothing to me. In fact, there is nothing I value so little as I do respectability."

I was silent, regarding my noble host. For some reason my sympathies were at once enlisted in him. I instinctively felt that there was nothing of dishonor, though his soul might be branded with crimes that were ineffaceable. I suspected it was also bruised and wounded by a misery too deep for words. Though he might abjure all worldly creeds and customs, defied all Heaven-issued mandates, there was a light in his gloomy eye, a loftiness about the forehead, that showed his spirit, once won over to a cause, his fealty would be eternal. He then excused himself, after again welcoming me to what poor hospitality the castle afforded, and withdrew. A sumptuous repast was spread for me in the apartment by a bright-faced page, who deftly supplied all my wants, and who, after I had finished my supper and seated myself before the glowing grate, once or twice surreptitiously imbibed generous quantities of the matchless old wine with which my table had been well supplied. He seemed of a somewhat loquacious disposition, and, sitting in the huge fur-lined chair before the fire, I allowed myself to drift into conversation.

"How does milord like the castle?" he finally inquired, with something savoring of morbid curiosity.

"It is grand, magnificent, sublime!" I cried, serenely conscious of my companion's inability to criticize my adjectives. "But I say, isn't it a trifle mysterious, you know?"

"Don't I know!" exclaimed Gaston, with energy. "Ah, if milord was in my place—!" an eloquent pause seemed to hint at a thousand inconceivable mysteries. But I was resolute even under this temptation, seeing that Gaston was communicative to the last degree, and not desiring to abuse the hospitality of my host by prying into his private affairs. Yet there was one subject which, in all conscience, I had a right to investigate.

"I saw two big eyes at the top of the staircase," I suggested, in mild curiosity, "while

waiting in the hall, to-night. What or who did they belong to?"

"Oh, that was the devil!"

"Eh!"

"They belonged to the devil," repeated Gaston, to my increased confusion. "If you mind him—Lord! what would you do in my place?"

I sat meekly silent, abashed at my ignorance and temerity, yet victim to certain vague and uncomfortable misgivings.

"If you would not mind telling me—" I began, deprecatingly, after a moment's deliberation.

"I'll show him to you," interrupted Gaston, with terrifying alacrity.

I protested incoherently against such a course, declaring that I had no desire whatever to be made acquainted with his majesty, would not think of putting him to the trouble, etc. But to my vehement remonstrance my companion paid no heed, and thus compelled, I followed him to the door which he threw open.

"We have only to stand here; he will pass in a minute," he said.

"But, my dear Gaston—" I expostulated.

"Sh-h sh! here he comes!" interrupted this alarming youth.

I glanced down the corridor in which those ghostly footsteps still sounded, and from out the gloom I descried a huge, gaunt form, and beheld those flaming, savage eyes. In a slow, steady step the creature passed us, turning neither to the right nor the left—a huge bloodhound of the most ferocious species, and little more than a skeleton.

"That's the devil," observed Gaston, closing the door.

"Good gracious!" I exclaimed, amazed.

"What does your master keep him for?"

"Well, you see," he began, as we reseated ourselves, "there is a mystery. Three or four years ago my lord was betrothed to a very beautiful lady, though she was far beneath him in rank, her father being steward on one of my lord's places, a good many miles from here. My lord went there and saw her, and fell straightway in love. Oh, but she was a beauty! Tall, proud and grand like himself, with eyes black as night, and hair like gold that touched her heels when she let it down. My lord had her taken away from school, bought his steward, her father, a title, and the day was set for the grand wedding. Everything went right, and my lady was devoted to my lord, and the guests all came here to the castle the night before. Everything had gone right until that night before the wedding," repeated Gaston, who evidently had a hankering after the sensational, "and then my lady disappeared!"

"What?" I cried.

"Utterly and entirely disappeared," reiterated the narrator, experiencing a morbid satisfaction in my horror and the mystery of his tale. "Spirited away," he continued, in a sepulchral whisper, glancing nervously over his shoulder at the deep shadows in the old apartment, "and ever since then my lord has gone back to his old ways. He lives here alone, save for me and Bell—that old she-devil that let you in—and never goes anywhere. He hates everything and everybody but that beast out there in the corridor; it belonged to her. She fetched him here with her and the beast fairly worshiped her. When she disappeared he was gone for weeks, searching the mountains night and day. Finally, he came back to the castle. For three years he has kept up that infernal trot in the corridor where she was last seen. Night and day he is at it, and he don't eat enough to keep a flea alive. I call him the devil. I stay here because all my family were servants at the castle, and my lord promised my father, when he died, that he would always keep me with him, which ain't doing me no favor, as I can see," concluded Gaston, evidently with gloomy reflections.

I sought my bed that night without having again seen my host, deeply impressed by the singular history related to me, and lay awake for some time listening to the sullen booming of the tempest. Suddenly, above the sounds of disturbed nature, rose wild and blood-curdling a wail as from a soul in irresistible travail. Again and again it sounded, the empty corridors sending it back in a thousand melancholy echoes. I knew it was the howling of the faithful brute in the corridor, yet the hound's lament for his vanished mistress produced a great shock in my already overwrought condition. Cold beads of perspiration oozed upon my forehead; sleep seemed impossible. Finally, I dropped into unconsciousness. How long I slumbered I cannot tell, when I was awakened by a cold, numb feeling in every portion of my body. I sprang from the couch where I had thrown myself without changing my customary garments, re-lit my night-lamp, and then stood petrified with amazement. In the dark, wainscoted wall, about which, until the present, I had discovered nothing remarkable, I saw an opening through which came a chill, sepulchral blast, damp and musty like a tomb.

I approached the opening, and, grasping the sides of the wall, tried to penetrate the darkness. At first I seemed to be looking in an abyss of eternal night, through which I, at last, was enabled to discover a narrow staircase, whose stone steps seemed to lead to some subterranean chamber. Resolved to investigate the mystery, I stepped into the narrow, gloomy landing, and commenced my perilous descent. Step after step, slowly, cautiously, I descended, feeling my way by the aid of the damp and slimy walls. I heard the rush of sullen waters, the cold draft deepened, and at last, in the darkness beneath me, I saw the yellow glimmer of a light which I discovered to come from an opening above a huge iron door. Standing upon the steps I could look through this aperture into the apartment below.

It was one of those many dungeons that abound in castles built in the feudal ages. In one corner was piled a mass of cushions from which, a short distance, stood a large velvet

chair. Silk tapestry and Persian rugs were plentifully strewn around which, though they may have added to the comfort, but increased by the contrast the stony, frowning, dismal surroundings. In the centre of this apartment stood two figures, one my noble host, his dark face convulsed with passion; the other, a woman, her majestic figure reared to its utmost, her beautiful face, proud and defiant, and over her shoulders a flood of golden hair that touched the cold, damp stones of her dungeon floor.

"Azelia, listen to me," his lordship was saying, while the pride and coldness left his face.

"I have listened to you too long," she replied bitterly, "yet I am your prisoner—"

"But why are you my prisoner?" interrupted the lord, with a cry of pain.

Into the glorious, dusky eyes flashed a grand fire, a fearless condemnation.

"Because," she answered, "I will not sink to the lowest depths woman ever fell to. Because I will not be your wife when I am already your sister."

The swarthy features of the peer grew ghastly, a hoarse cry broke from him.

"You are my betrothed wife, and as such I claim you!" he cried. "If you refuse to consummate our marriage in the future, as you have done in the past, so be it! But in that case I keep you here until you rot! No man shall ever feast upon the loveliness that, though mine, still refuses me possession!"

"You are my brother," repeated his companion, in a dry, hard voice. "Count John Corsannie was your father, so also was he mine; the countess was your mother, her waiting-maid was mine. Despite this and the fact that my miserable parent was soon married to the faithful man I always believed my father, you and I are brother and sister."

"It is false!" cried the lord, in a frenzy of passion. "We learned to love each other before we knew of the accursed blight of our birth—never should have known of it had not Lord Beauchamp, that enemy to my race—confronted us, the night before our marriage, with his thrice-cursed evidence. Yet, had you loved as I love, all would have been well. I made sure that the secret was in our keeping by killing Beauchamp the following sunrise in duel. But when you refused to proceed with the wedding what could I do but carry you here. Live apart from you I cannot. To hear your voice even in your bitter denunciation is a joy for me; to look upon your face even in its wrath, is heaven!"

"I loved you once, I admit," returned she called Azelia, "before I knew the unholliness of such a love. Never, never will I consent to such degradation as to become your wife! Live and die here I can, but yield to you, never!"

His patience, his reason were gone. With a cry that might have come from a wild brute he caught her in his arms and sped across the dungeon to an iron door which he threw open, and thus was revealed to my almost paralyzed eyes a swiftly flowing stream of turbulent waters, above which he held his burden as he stood in the door. One false move and both would be plunged in that sullen flood whose depths no doubt had swallowed up many a dark secret. I saw the long golden shower of her hair sweep downwards and lose itself in the flood—the divine beauty of her face, the steady lustre of her fearless eyes. I was roused to frenzy; I tore with all my strength at the door; I pounded upon the iron panels until my hands were a jelly. Yet, in their excitement and the roar of the turbulent waters, I was unheeded.

"Do you consent?" cried the lord.

"No! Do your worst!"

The massive frame of the man swayed irresolutely; then with a groan he turned, swung to the massive door and dashed his burden upon the stone floor,

"Your life is safe! I cannot kill you! But, by heaven, I will never give you up!" he panted.

Faint, staggering, I at that moment slipped from the step and was precipitated head downwards. When next I regained consciousness I was lying on my couch. The sun was streaming in at my window, and the mountains looked misty and beautiful in the fresh light of the early day. The events of the past night flashed upon me. How had I got back in this room? I sprang up and looked eagerly around the chamber. There was nothing peculiar about it. I examined the walls; to my utmost confusion I could discover no token of a secret door. I sounded the partition, but found no signs of hollowness. I glanced around me in blank bewilderment; could it be possible it was all a dream? I then looked at my hands; ah, here was evidence incontrovertible; they were bruised and inflamed. Wild with excitement I rushed into the corridor, sped past the gaunt form of the hound in his steady tramp, nor paused until I gained the reception-room in which I found my host. Wildly, incoherently, I poured forth my accusations, but to my intense astonishment there were no tokens of guilt or even anger in his swarthy face.

"You are either mad," he said, half-contemptuously, "or else are the victim of a nightmare!"

I was confused—astonished. After all, was it a dream?

"But look at my hands!" I expostulated.

"Mine have often been in a worse condition when I have been caught out upon the mountains in such a storm as you were in last night. It was probably clinging to the bushes, sir, that bruised your hands. Bell," he continued to his servant, who at that moment entered the room with the breakfast-tray, "be so kind as to show this gentleman over the castle. Do not miss any chamber, hall or cellar, Bell."

But the expedition resulted in no discoveries. Still, I was far from satisfied. When I was departing, I managed to slip a coin in Gaston's hand, and asked him the name of his lord's lost bride.

"Lady Hilda," he answered; "but that was not her name before her father was made a lord. I don't know that."

"Was it a dream or a reality?" I have often asked myself in the years that have since come to me, and as often reply, "A reality."

"Was it a dream or reality?" I frequently inquire of some friend with whom I have favored the history, and they invariably reply, "A dream—conjured up by an over-excited brain and the facts already related to it."

So opinions differ. Be that as it may, I immediately left the Tuscan hills, so powerfully impressed was I with that night of adventure, and it is not likely I shall ever again see the "Castle of Mysteries."

NEW YEAR'S DAY IN NEW AMSTERDAM.

THE illustration on our front page presents a New Year's Day scene in New Amsterdam in the time of Peter Stuyvesant and the old Dutch burghers, of whom Washington Irving wrote so entertainingly in his "History of New York." It was in the proud days of Peter Stuyvesant that the good old Dutch aristocracy loomed out in all its grandeur. It was then, too, that holidays were encouraged and promoted, to the end that the poor might have opportunity to rejoice in plenteous cheer. Irving speaks of this fact as follows:

"New Year's Day was Peter's favorite festival, and was ushered in by the ringing of bells and firing of guns. On that genial day the fountains of hospitality were broken up, and the whole community was deluged with cherry brandy, true Holland, and mulled cider; every house was a temple of the jolly god, and many a provident vagabond got drunk out of pure economy—taking in liquor enough gratis to serve him half a year afterwards. The great assemblage, however, was at the Governor's house, whither repaid all the burghers of New Amsterdam with their wives and daughters, pranked out in their best attire. On this occasion the good Peter was devoutly observant of the plaus Dutch rite of kissing the womenkind for a Happy New Year; and it is traditional that Anthony the Trumpeter, who acted as gentleman usher, took toll of all who were young and handsome as they passed through the ante-chamber. This venerable custom, thus happily introduced, was followed with such zeal by high and low, that on New Year's Day, during the reign of Peter Stuyvesant, New Amsterdam was the most thoroughly be-kissed community in all Christendom."

The scene of our picture is laid in the old fort which stood on what is now the Bowling Green, and is a literal representation of the buildings and costumes of that day.

MR. GARFIELD'S WIFE AND MOTHER.

WE give on page 316 portraits of the mother and wife of General Garfield, the President-elect, which are engraved from photographs taken expressly for us by J. F. Ryer, of Cleveland, Ohio. Mrs. Garfield, whose name is Lucretia, was the daughter of a farmer named Rudolph, passed her schooldays at the village of Hiram, where she became engaged to her husband, and for some time thereafter she taught in one of the Cleveland public schools, while General Garfield was at Williams College, where he took his degree. Miss Rudolph was a refined, intelligent, affectionate girl, who shared his thirst for knowledge and his ambition for culture, and had, at the same time, the domestic tastes and talents which fitted her equally to preside over the home of the poor college professor and that of the famous statesman. Much of Garfield's subsequent success in life may be attributed to his fortunate marriage. His wife has grown with his growth, and has been, during all his career, the appreciative companion of his studies, the loving mother of his children, the graceful, hospitable hostess of his friends and guests, and the wise and faithful helper in the trials, vicissitudes and successes of his busy life.

Mrs. Garfield is an eminently practical woman in all respects. She planned their home in Washington, and has superintended the improvements on the farm at Mentor, which was purchased three years ago.

Mrs. Eliza Ballou Garfield, mother of the President-elect, is also a member of his household, and although seventy-nine years old, her voice is yet an important factor in the family councils. She is a very sagacious old lady, remarkably vigorous, and has much influence over her son, who is deeply attached to her. She has done her work in life faithfully and under the most trying circumstances, and has lived to enjoy the reward of her fidelity in the promotion of her son to the highest place which any American citizen can reach.

The home life of the White House, over which these ladies will preside, will, we may be sure, be graced by the same purity and simplicity which have marked their more humble living at the pleasant Mentor home.

THE ARCTIC EXPLORING EXPEDITION.

PROBABLE WHEREABOUTS OF THE STEAMER "JEANNETTE."

THE question as to whether the *Jeannette*'s Arctic expedition has met the fate of other enterprises and been lost in the frozen northern seas has occupied the attention of scientists for several months past, and all sorts of speculations have been indulged in as to the whereabouts of the adventurous vessel. Most of the friends of the expedition still persist in the belief that it is successfully accomplishing the work which it was sent out to accomplish, but many others refuse to share this confidence. It is now nearly eighteen months since the *Jeannette* sailed from San Francisco. Since then the Arctic fleet of American whalers have twice returned to that port, bringing much miscellaneous information of a general character, but nothing definite or conclusive as to the movements of the *Jeannette* or the fate of the two missing whalers, *Vigilant* and *Mount Washington*. An attempt, however, has been made to sift and reconcile the conflicting information so received by Mr. Charles W. Brooks, of San Francisco, a scientist well versed in the physical geography of the regions in which these vessels have been fighting their icy way. His data, obtained from all the whaling captains who passed through Behring Strait and have returned to San Francisco within the last two seasons, have been well digested and his deductions seem to be both logical and conclusive.

It is known that after coaling at St. Michael's the *Jeannette* passed through Behring Strait, steering in the direction of Cape Serdze, on the northern coast of Siberia, in the Arctic Ocean, from which point Captain De Long had intended to approach the southern end of Wrangell Land, in latitude 70 degrees 45 minutes, and near the prime meridian of 180 degrees, touching, if possible, at Kolinchin Bay to inquire regarding Nordenkjöld. But the latter's safe arrival doubtless influenced him to renounce any unnecessary delays and press northwards at once. On the 2d of September, 1879, when about fifty miles or so south of Herald Island, Captain

Barnes, of the American whale bark *Sea Breeze*, saw the *Jeannette* and attempted to communicate with her, but both vessels were at the time in heavy ice and a dense fog was settling in, which prevailed up to the evening of the next day. Owing to these circumstances, these vessels which had approached within less than four miles of each other, resumed their courses without communication. On the following day, September 3d, 1879, Captain Kelly, of the whale bark *Dawn*; Captain Bauldry, of the *Hercules*, and several others of the fleet, who were then somewhat to the northward of the *Sea Breeze*, saw smoke issuing from a steamer's smokestack, in range of Herald Island, they being in latitude 75 degrees 1 minute, longitude 174 degrees 30 minutes west, in a narrow space of open water, and within twenty-five miles of Herald Island. At that time the *Jeannette* was so far north of these whalers as to be hull down; hence they did not see the vessel, but only her black smoke. She was standing northward, and was herself a little west of due south from Herald Island. These are the last tidings of the *Jeannette* received by any one up to date.

Mr. Brooks, after a consideration of all the information he has been able to gather from the captains and logbooks of whalers bearing upon the subject of winds, weather, icefloe and all physical conditions likely to influence the expedition, gives it as his opinion that after September 3d, 1879, when the *Jeannette* was last seen near Herald Island, steaming northward, the ice began to open up rapidly towards the north and continued open from about the 25th of September to the 25th of October, and that under these favorable ice conditions the Arctic steamer could have penetrated to the east coast of Wrangell Land to as high a latitude as 78 degrees north before the Polar Winter arrested her progress. This conclusion is based on the unimpeachable evidence of four whaling captains who did not leave the Arctic till the second or third week in October, 1879, and who not only saw clear water near Wrangell Land, but also experienced high northwesterly winds which must have drifted the ice fields to the southward, thus opening a way for the *Jeannette*'s advance.

The *Herald*, commenting upon this view of the case, says: "The force of this reasoning must mainly depend upon the agency of the winds to drive before them the ice which stood in the vessel's path. It is well known that in the Autumn the barometric pressure over British and Arctic America is low, and in consequence of the in-draught thus created there is a succession of strong northerly and northwesterly winds from Point Barrow to Wrangell Land, which sweeps down to the latitude of sixty degrees. Even at York Factory Dr. Rae found, in 1851, that 'the mean pressure was lowest in November, with winds from north-northwest,' and the continental pressures in the Fall of 1879 were so remarkably low that on October 27th of that year the *Herald* editorially said: 'The inevitable conclusion forced upon us, therefore, is that, in the *Jeannette*'s attempt to reach Wrangell Land, she encountered northerly and northwesterly winds, sweeping all drift ice from the eastern and southern shores of Wrangell Land, and thus opening a navigable way for her to reach her destination.' The logic of events, as then observed by the seamen whose testimony Mr. Brooks now for the first time brings fully before us, confirms the reasoning which we could then base only upon the general physics of the Arctic Basin. The evidence he now so lucidly collates and interprets is decisive as far as it goes. But it does not cover the question of how far the *Jeannette* might have found open water extending to the northward of eastern Wrangell Land in the Fall of 1879, though it clearly explains how the Arctic expedition may have then safely reached a much higher latitude than has been supposed, and yet not have been heard from this year."

Mr. Brooks concludes his review of the subject as follows:

"Although the intense cold of the last Winter, whose isothermal records reveal remarkable extremes of temperature, may have frozen the ice as to cause a late breaking up this year, and the *Jeannette* consequently may have been unable to actually sail but comparatively little distance in open water last Summer, or more probably Autumn, she is now undoubtedly placed in the best possible position for her future work, and the second Winter of an Arctic cruise is the one to which all experienced polar voyagers look for the accomplishment of their most effective sledge work and important explorations. It is, in fine, highly improbable that the *Jeannette* could have been at any time during this year sufficiently far south to render communication with her possible by any vessel which had not like herself wandered far north in the main body of heavy ice.

To those scientists who have the objects of her perilous voyage most at heart, and who have made her course a matter of close scientific scrutiny, the fact that nothing has been heard from her is the strongest possible testimony that she is just where she was designed to go, and that her brave and accomplished captain and officers and gallant crew are earning a worthy record for the *Jeannette*, her owner, their country and themselves, which shall place their names high upon the roll of honor in the list of distinguished Arctic navigators and patrons."

Mr. Springer's Minority Representation Bill.

THE following is the proposition of Mr. Springer, relative to minority representation, which is referred to editorially elsewhere:

That Representatives in Congress shall be elected after the next census of the United States as follows: The Legislature of each State, as soon as practicable after the apportionment under the census of 1880 is made, and at every subsequent apportionment after a new census, shall divide the State as herein provided. States entitled to one Representative in Congress shall constitute one Congressional district. States entitled to two Representatives shall be divided into two Congressional districts, as nearly equal in population as possible. States entitled to three Representatives shall constitute one Congressional district, in which there shall be elected three Representatives in the manner hereinafter provided. States entitled to four Representatives shall be divided into two districts, in one of which districts there shall be elected three Representatives, and in the other district there shall be elected one Representative. States entitled to five Representatives shall constitute one district, in which five Representatives shall be elected. States entitled to six Representatives shall be divided into two districts, in each of which there shall be elected three Representatives. States entitled to seven Representatives shall be divided into three districts, in two of which districts there shall be elected three Representatives each, and in the other district one Representative, and all other States shall be so divided by the Legislature as to constitute districts in which one, three and five Representatives shall be elected, according to the number of representatives to which each State is entitled, each State being divided into as many districts as there will be contained in the whole number of representatives to which such State is entitled, except where there is a fraction of two, in which case one of the districts shall be entitled to five members, and where there is a fraction of one there shall be one other district in which one representative shall be elected.

Section 2. Congressional districts in which one representative in Congress shall be elected shall contain a population equal to the ratio of the population of one member in Congress; districts entitled to three members shall contain a population equal to three ratios, and districts entitled to five members shall contain a population equal to five ratios, or in all cases as nearly so as practicable. The districts shall be formed of contiguous and compact territory, bounded by county or parish lines except in counties or parishes having a greater population than the ratio of one representative in Congress, in which cases portions of such county or parish may

be attached to contiguous territory in other districts.

Section 3. In districts entitled to one representative in Congress, each qualified elector may vote for one person for Representative and no more; in districts entitled to three Representatives, each elector may vote for two persons for Representatives and no more, and in districts entitled to five Representatives, each elector may vote for three persons for Representatives, and no more. In all cases the persons having the highest number of votes shall be declared elected, and in all respects, other than as herein provided, the election shall be conducted and the ballots counted and returned as heretofore provided by law.

Death of "George Eliot."

MRS. CROSS ("George Eliot"), the distinguished English authoress, died suddenly on December 22d, at her home in London. She was seized three days before with a sudden chill, which attacked her in the larynx, but no alarm was felt until the evening of the 22d, when her physician discovered that the pericardium was seriously affected, and pronounced the case almost hopeless. She passed away quietly. George Eliot, whose maiden name was Marian Evans, was born in Warwickshire, England, about 1820. Her first work, "Scenes of Clerical Life," appeared originally in *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1850, and was published in book form in the following year. It was followed by "Adam Bede" in 1859, and this work at once placed the authoress in the first rank of English writers of fiction, so vigorous was it in style and so healthy in tone. In rapid succession there followed "The Mill of the Floss," "Silas Warner," "Felix Holt," "Romola," "Middlemarch" and "Daniel Deronda." She translated Strauss's "Life of Jesus" and Feuerbach's "Essence of Christianity." Her poetical works were "The Spanish Gypsy" and "The Legend of Jubal." She was the wife in name of George Henry Lewes, the author, although some legal complications prevented their marriage. They lived a happy life, however, and were received everywhere. Some time after the death of Mr. Lewes she married John Walter Cross, a merchant in London.

There is no woman living who has done so much for the literature of fiction as George Eliot has done. She raised it to a level which placed her above all her competitors, and invested her characters with all the vitality of living, sentient beings. With the exception of "Romola," the subjects of her novels have been drawn from English life, that of the villages and provinces being her favorite study.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The New Crematory in Milan.

That people are becoming more favorable to the operation of incineration on the remains of the dead than formerly is shown by the erection in various large European cities of crematories illustrating the latest arrangements for quick and inexpensive burning. This system has obtained much favor in Italy, where a number of furnaces are in operation. In Milan the structure put up when the cremation excitement broke out a few years ago has since been in steady demand. In the meanwhile valuable improvements have been made in the arrangement of the furnaces, the tubes, chimneys, grates and air chambers, and these have been combined in the new crematory which is shown in our illustration.

Scenes in Montenegro.

The cessation of Dulcigno to Montenegro having at length been consummated, but not without a conflict between the members of the Albanian League and the Turkish troops, Vice-Admiral Seymour, commander of the allied fleet, has ordered the dispersion of the ships, and that demonstration of the Powers may be considered finished. It is reported that Mr. Gladstone desired that the fleet be held together until the claims of the Greeks had been satisfied by Turkey, but in view of the wish expressed to Turkey that the Greeks would enter into fresh negotiations with the Porte, touching the question in dispute, as well as of the serious condition of affairs in Ireland, it is believed that he was induced to withhold orders that would have kept the fleet in the Adriatic for months to come. During the past few months we have given weekly particulars of the situation on the Adriatic and illustrations of the places brought to public notice by the "Dulcigno affair." In this number we supplement the interesting views of people and places already given, with a characteristic sketch of a public wash in the ceded city, and a view of two of the picturesque islands in the Bay of Cattaro.

Nihilist Arrests at Kief.

The Nihilistic arrests in Russia still continue, and now it is the provinces that afford scope for the genius of the military detective force so thoroughly drilled by the new and yet Chief of Police. Kief is the theatre of the latest exploit, and here the myrmidons of the law have been making arrests after that wholesale fashion which bespeaks uncertainty as to the exact criminal. The Russian police stand upon scant ceremony, and with a Nihilist caught red-handed it is a "short shrift and a dog's death." Our illustration represents the doings of the celebrated Tscheloboff police, a body of men who are gaining a very unenviable notoriety for invariably arresting "the wrong man."

New German Traction Engine.

For some years past the German military engineers have been experimenting with traction engines with a view to adopting one for field service, in moving heavy ordnance stores and materials for fortification. The illustration shows the latest design under consideration, which may be readily adapted to a number of uses, not only in the military line, but in the way of public works and road improvements.

North London Consumption Hospital.

The North London Hospital for Consumption, on Pragel-rose, Hampstead, was founded in 1860, with a dispensary for out-patients in Tottenham Court Road. The institution has done so much good, treating close on to 6,000 patients annually, that the erection of new and more commodious buildings has become a matter of necessity. The proposed structure when finally completed will have cost about \$125,000. The style of architecture is the French Renaissance of the seventeenth century. The entire hospital will be a compact rectangular structure. Ample provision is made for sunbaths, large and sheltered but airy balconies will be constructed on the sunny side, where the patients may sit and enjoy the air, the sunshine and the fine view.

New Free Library and Museum at Cardiff.

A new building is now in course of erection at Cardiff, for the Free Library, Museum and Science and Art Schools, the foundation stone having been laid in October last. The library is to be arranged to accommodate 100,000 volumes eventually, and it will contain, besides, the usual newspaper and magazine room, and a large reference library, surrounded by alcoves for private study of the books in that department. The librarian's office will be so placed as to allow a full view of the whole establishment. A school for science and art will occupy the first floor, divided into separate class-rooms for the teaching of painting, drawing from casts, and general elementary art work, and for the study of the various sciences. By raising movable partitions two large lecture rooms can be provided, one for science, the other

for art; while adjoining the former will be a large laboratory for the practical study of chemistry. The whole of the floor above will be occupied as a museum, roofed with semi-circular arch ribs of iron, and lit from the top. In this room will be located the valuable and notable collection of geological specimens contained in the present Cardiff Museum; and it is intended to form a collection of art specimens, which will be placed in a section of the museum set aside for the purpose.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—A NUMBER of ladies of Cincinnati, O., have organized a Land League.

—The Japanese are preparing a cordial reception for the Russian Pacific squadron at Yedo.

—The Russian Government has ordered twelve torpedo cutters to be built for service in Chinese waters.

—An influential international committee has been formed to endeavor to suppress the gaming-tables of Monaco.

—A BILL has passed the Senate and House of South Carolina prohibiting the sale of liquor outside of incorporated towns and villages.

—A ST. PETERSBURG dispatch says the report of a scheme of Government implying the virtual abdication of the Czar is absolutely unfounded.

—THE report of the Ohio State Railroad Commissioners states that 400 miles of road have been constructed in that State during the past year.

—THE English General Post Office is prepared to establish telephonic communication in towns or to continue the systems already introduced by private companies.

—THE University authorities at Moscow have resolved, in consequence of the agitation among the students, and in view of the approach of the holidays, to suspend all lectures.

—THROUGH the efforts of the Right Rev. Bishop Kean of Richmond, Va., thirty Catholic liquor dealers of that city have agreed not to sell intoxicating liquors to intoxicated persons on Sunday.

—THE English stockholders of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company in London, on December 23d, expressed by an almost unanimous vote perfect confidence in President Gowen and his methods.

—LATE Peruvian advices show no material change in the situation. The Cillian invading force at Pisco had received a reinforcement of 2,000 men, but had not advanced, apparently waiting the concentration of their entire strength.

—THE Commissioner of Pensions, in a letter to the Secretary of the Interior, which was transmitted to the Senate last week, sets forth the necessity for additional appropriations for the current fiscal year for the Army and Navy Pension Fund.

—IN the Italian Chamber of Deputies, Signor Zanardelli has presented the committee's report upon the Electoral Reform Bill. The discussion on the Bill will begin after the holiday recess. This Bill, if passed, would increase the number of voters by 1,400,000.

—THE Consul-General of the United States at Shanghai has informed the Department of State that the Emperor of China has granted the prayer of the Viceroy at Tientsin for permission to construct a telegraph line from Shanghai to Tientsin, to be 1,200 miles in length.

—WILLIE CRAWFORD, fourteen years old, of Chicago, has for seven years been sweating blood, and lately had very severe attacks. The physicians who take an interest in him propose sending him to Edinburgh and London for examination by the Academy of Surgeons.

—THE estimated amount to decorate the streets and public buildings for the inauguration is fixed at \$15,000. It has been determined by the Committee on the Inauguration Ball, to begin at once the work of laying a smooth pine flooring in the new Museum building.

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THE WIFE OF PRESIDENT-ELECT GARFIELD.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. F. RYDER, CLEVELAND.—SEE PAGE 315.



THE MOTHER OF PRESIDENT-ELECT GARFIELD.



IN SEARCH OF THE NORTH POLE.—THE EXPLORING STEAM YACHT "JEANNETTE" IN THE ICE FLOES OF THE ARCTIC OCEAN.
SEE PAGE 315.

SONNETS.

I.—COFFEE.

VOLUPTUOUS berry! where may mortals find
Nectars divine that can with thee compare—
Where, having dined, we sip thy essence rare,
And feel towards wit and repartee inclined?

Thou wert of sneering cynical Voltaire
The only friend; thy power urged Balzac's mind
To glorious effort; surely Heaven designed
Thy devotees superior joys to share!

Whene'er I breathe thy fumes, 'mid Summer stars,
The Orient's splendid pompe my vision greet;
Damascus, with its myriad minarets, gleams!
I see thee, smoking, in immense bazaars;

Or yet in dim seraglios, at the feet
Of blonde sultanas, pale with amorous dreams!

II.—CHAMPAGNE FRAPPÉ.

Delicious, effervescent, cold champagne,
Imprisoned sunshine, glorious and bright,
How many virtues in thy charm unite,
Who from thy tempting witchery can abstain?

Sad hearts by enui vexed revive again,
When in the frail green glass thou foamest
light;

And by thy spell our sophistry takes flight,
Fair queen of wines, long be thy merry reign.

To me thy sparkling souvenir recalls
Grand boulevards, all dazzling with the glare
Of countless lights; the revel and uproar
Of midnight Paris and the opera balls;

A maze of masks, a challenge flung to Care,
And charming suppers at the "Maison d'or"!

III.—TEA.

From what enchanted Eden came thy leaves,
That hide such subtle spirits of perfume?
Did eyes pre-adamite first see thee bloom,
Luscious nephele of the soul that grieves?

By thee the tired and torpid mind conceives;
Fairer than roses brightening life's gloom,
They protean charm can every form assume,
And turn December nights to April eves.

Thy amber-tinted drops bring back to me
Fantastic shapes of great Mongolian towers,
Emblazoned ban'ers, and the booming gong;
I hear the sound of feast and revelry,

And smell, far sweeter than the sweetest flowers,
The kiosks of Pekin, fragrant of Oolong!

IV.—CHOCOLATE.

Liquid delectable! I love thy brown,
Deep-glimmering color like a wood-nymph's
tress;

Potent and swift to urge on Love's excess,
Thou wert most loved in the fair Aztec town
Where Cortes, battling for Iberia's crown,

First found thee, and with rough and soldier
guess.

Pronounced thy virtues of rare worthiness,
And fit by Madrid's dames to gain renown.

When tasting of thy sweet, fond memories
Of bygone days in Versailles will arise;
Before the King, reclining at his ease,
I see Dubarry in rich toilet stand,

A gleam of passion in her lustrous eyes,
A Sèvres cup held in her jeweled hand!

F. S. SALTUS.

THE BLACK ROBE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

BOOK THE THIRD.

CHAPTER II.—EVENTS AT TEN ACRES.

THERE was no obstacle to the speedy departure of Romayne and his wife from Vange Abbey. The villa at Highgate—called Ten Acres Lodge, in allusion to the measurement of the grounds surrounding the house—had been kept in perfect order by the servants of the late Lady Barrick, now in the employment of her nephew.

On the morning after their arrival at the villa, Stella sent a note to her mother. The same afternoon, Mrs. Eyrecourt arrived at Ten Acres, on her way to a garden-party. Finding the house, to her great relief, a modern building, supplied with all the newest comforts and luxuries, she at once began to plan a grand party in celebration of the return of the bride and bridegroom.

"I don't wish to praise myself," Mrs. Eyrecourt said; "but if ever there was a forgiving woman, I am that person. We will say no more, Stella, about your truly contemptible wedding—five people altogether, including ourselves and the Loring's! A grand ball will set you right with society, and that is the one thing needful. Tea and coffee, my dear Romayne, in your study; Coote's quadrille band; the supper from Gunter's; the grounds illuminated with colored lamps; Tyrolese singers among the trees, relieved by military music—and, if there are any African or other savages now in London, there is room enough in these charming grounds for encampments, dances, squaws, scalps, and all the rest of it, to end in a blaze of fireworks."

A sudden fit of coughing seized her, and stopped the further enumeration of attractions at the contemplated ball. Stella had observed that her mother looked unusually worn and haggard, through the disguises of paint and powder. This was not an uncommon result of Mrs. Eyrecourt's devotion to the demands of Society; but the cough was something new as a symptom of exhaustion.

"I am afraid, mamma, you have been over-exerting yourself," said Stella. "You go to too many parties."

"Nothing of the sort, my dear; I am as strong as a horse. The other night I was waiting for the carriage in a draft (one of the most perfect private concerts of the season, ending with a delightfully naughty little French play), and I caught a slight cold. A glass of water is all I want. Thank you. Romayne, you are looking shockingly serious and severe; our ball will cheer you. If you would only make a bonfire of all those horrid books, you don't know how it would improve your

spirits. Dearest Stella, I will come and lunch here to-morrow—you are within such a nice easy drive from town—and I'll bring my visiting book and settle about the invitations and the day. Oh, dear me, how late it is! I have nearly an hour's drive before I get to my garden-party. Good-by, my turtle-doves, good-by."

She was stopped on the way to her carriage by another fit of coughing. But she still persisted in making light of it. "I'm as strong as a horse," she repeated, as soon as she could speak—and skipped into the carriage like a young girl.

"Your mother is killing herself," said Romayne.

"If I could persuade her to stay with us a little while," Stella suggested, "the rest and quiet might do wonders for her. Would you object to it, Lewis?"

"My darling, I object to nothing—except giving a ball and burning my books. If your mother will yield on those two points, my house is entirely at her disposal."

He spoke playfully—he looked his best, since he had separated himself from the painful associations that were now connected with Vange Abbey. Had "the torment of the voice" been left far away in Yorkshire? Stella shrank from approaching the subject in her husband's presence; but she was bold enough to hope. To her surprise Romayne himself referred to the General's family.

"I have written to Hynd," he began. "Do you mind his dining with us to day?"

"Of course not!"

"I want to hear if he has anything to tell me about those French ladies. He undertook to see them, in your absence, and to ascertain how—" He was unable to overcome his reluctance to pronounce the next words. Stella was quick to understand what he meant. She finished the sentence for him.

"Yes," he said, "I wanted to hear how the boy is getting on, and if there is any hope of curing him. Is it—" he trembled as he put the question. "Is it hereditary madness?"

Feeling the serious importance of concealing the truth, Stella only replied that she had hesitated to ask if there was a taint of madness in the family. "I suppose," she added, "you would not like to see the boy and judge of his chances of recovery for yourself?"

"You suppose?" he burst out, with sudden anger. "You might be sure. The bare idea of seeing him turns me cold. Oh, when shall I forget! when shall I forget! Who spoke of him first?" he said, with renewed irritability, after a moment of silence. "You or I?"

"It was my fault, love—he is so harmless and so gentle, and he has such a sweet face, I thought it might soothe you to see him. Forgive me; we will never speak of him again. Have you any notes for me to copy? You know, Lewis, I am your secretary now."

So she led Romayne away to his study and his books. When Major Hynd arrived she contrived to be the first to see him. "Say as little as possible about the General's widow and her son," she whispered.

The major understood her. "Don't be uneasy, Mrs. Romayne," he answered. "I know your husband well enough to know what you mean. Besides, the news I bring is good news."

Romayne came in before he could speak more particularly. When the servants had left the room, after dinner, the major made his report.

"I am going to agreeably surprise you," he began. "All responsibility towards the General's family is taken off our hands. The ladies are on their way back to France."

Stella was instantly reminded of one of the melancholy incidents associated with her visit to Camp's Hill. "Madame Marillac spoke of a brother of hers who disapproved of the marriage," she said. "Has he forgiven her?"

"That is exactly what he has done. Mrs. Romayne. Naturally enough, he felt the disgrace of his sister's marriage to such a man as the General. Only the other day he heard for the first time that she was a widow, and he at once traveled to England. I bade them good-bye yesterday—most happily re-united—on their journey home again. Ah, I thought you would be glad, Mrs. Romayne, to hear that the poor widow's troubles are over. Her brother is rich enough to place them all in easy circumstances—he is as good a fellow as ever lived."

"Have you seen him?" Stella asked, eagerly.

"I have been with him to the asylum."

"Does the boy go back to France?"

"No. We took the place by surprise, and saw for ourselves how well-conducted it was. The boy has taken a strong liking to the proprietor—a bright, cheerful old man, who is teaching him some of our English games, and has given him a pony to ride on. He burst out crying, poor creature, at the idea of going away—and his mother burst out crying at the idea of leaving him. It was a melancholy scene.

You know what a good mother is—no sacrifice is too great for her. The boy stays at the asylum, on the chance that his healthier and happier life there may help to cure him. By the way, Romayne, his uncle desires me to thank you—"

"Hynd, you didn't tell the uncle my name?"

"Don't alarm yourself! He is a gentleman, and when I told him I was pledged to secrecy, he made but one inquiry—he asked if you were a rich man. I told him you had eighteen thousand a year."

"Well?"

"Well, he set that matter right between us with perfect taste. He said, 'I cannot presume to offer repayment to a person so wealthy. We gratefully accept our obligation to our kind unknown friend. For the future, however, my nephew's expenses must be paid from my purse.' Of course, I could only agree to that. From time to time the mother is to hear, and I am to hear, how the boy goes on. Or, if you like, Romayne—now that the General's family have left England—I don't see why the proprietor might not make his report directly to yourself."

"No!" Romayne rejoined, positively. "Let things remain as they are."

"Very well. The asylum is close by, at Hampstead—that was what made me think of it. Will you give us some music, Mrs. Romayne? Not to-night? Then let us go to the billiard room; and as I am the worst of bad players, I will ask you to help me beat your accomplished husband."

On the afternoon of the next day, Mrs. Eyre-court's maid arrived at Ten Acres with a note from her mistress.

"DEAREST STELLA—Matilda must bring you my excuses for to-day. I don't in the least understand it, but I seem to have turned lazy. It is most ridiculous—I really cannot get out of bed. Perhaps I did just a little too much yesterday. The opera after the garden-party, and a ball after the opera, and this tiresome cough all night after the ball. Quite a series, isn't it? Make my apologies to our dismal Romayne, and if you drive out this afternoon, come and have a chat with me. Your affectionate mother,

"EMILY EYRE-COURT.

"P. S.—You know what a fidget Matilda is. If she talks about me, don't believe a word she says to you."

Stella turned to the maid with a sinking heart.

"Is my mother very ill?" she asked.

"So ill, ma'am. That I begged and prayed her to let me send for a doctor. You know what my mistress is; she wouldn't hear of it. If you would please to use your influence—"

"I will order the carriage instantly, and take you back with me."

Before she dressed to go out, Stella showed the letter to her husband. He spoke with perfect kindness and sympathy, but he did not conceal that he shared his wife's apprehensions.

"Go at once," were his last words to her; "and, if I can be of any use, send for me."

It was late in the evening before Stella returned. She brought sad news.

The physician consulted told her plainly that the neglected cough and the constant fatigue had together made the case a serious one. He declined to say that there was any absolute danger as yet, or any necessity for her remaining with her mother at night. The experience of the next twenty-four hours, at most, would enable him to speak positively. In the meantime the patient insisted that Stella should return to her husband. Even under the influence of opiates, Mrs. Eyrecourt was still drowsily equal to herself. "You are a fidget, my dear, and Matilda is a fidget; I can't have two of you at my bedside. Good-night." Stella stooped over her and kissed her. She whispered, "Three weeks' notice, remember, for the party!"

By the next evening the malady had assumed so formidable an aspect, that the doctor had his doubts of the patient's chance of recovery. With her husband's full approval, Stella remained night and day at her mother's bedside. Thus, in little more than a month from the day of his marriage, Romayne was, for the time, a lonely man again.

The illness of Mrs. Eyrecourt was unexpectedly prolonged. There were intervals, during which her vigorous constitution rallied and resisted the progress of the disease. On these occasions, Stella was able to return to her husband for a few hours—subject always to a message which recalled her to her mother, when the chances of life or death appeared to be equally balanced. Romayne's only resource was in his books and his pen. For the first time since his union with Stella, he opened the portfolios in which Penrose had collected the first introductory chapters of his historical work. Almost at every page, the familiar handwriting of his secretary and friend met his view. It was a new trial to his resolution to be working alone; never had he felt the absence of Penrose as he felt it now. He missed the familiar face, the quiet pleasant voice, and, more than both, the ever welcome sympathy with his work. Stella had done all that a wife could do to fill the vacant place; and her husband's fondness had accepted the effort as adding another charm to the lovely creature who had opened a new life to him. But where is the woman who can intimately associate herself with the hard brainwork of a man, devoted to an absorbing intellectual pursuit? She can love him, admire him, serve him, believe in him beyond all other men; but (in spite of exceptions which only prove the rule) she is out of her place when she enters the study while the pen is in his hand. More than once, when he was at work, Romayne closed the page bitterly; the sad thought came to him, "Oh, if I only had Penrose here!" Even other friends were not available as a resource in the solitary evening hours. Lord Loring was absorbed in social and political engagements. And Major Hynd—true to the principle of getting away as often as possible from his disagreeable wife and his ugly children—had once more left London.

One day, while Mrs. Eyrecourt still lay between life and death, Romayne found his historical labors suspended by the want of a certain volume which it was absolutely necessary to consult. He had mislaid the references written for him by Penrose, and he was at a loss to remember whether the book was in the British Museum, in the Bodleian Library, or in the Bibliothèque at Paris. In this emergency, a letter to his former secretary would furnish him with the information that he required. But he was ignorant of Penrose's present address. The Lorings might possibly know it—so to the Lorings he resolved to apply.

CHAPTER III.—FATHER BENWELL AND THE BOOK.

ROMAYNE'S first errand in London was to see his wife and to make inquiries at Mrs. Eyrecourt's house. The report was more favorable than usual. Stella whispered, as she kissed him, "I shall soon come back to you, I hope!"

Leaving the horses to rest for a while, he proceeded to Lord Loring's residence on foot. As he crossed a street in the neighborhood, he

was nearly run over by a cab, carrying a gentleman and his luggage. The gentleman was Mr. Winterfield, on his way to Derwent's Hotel.

Lady Loring very kindly searched her card basket, as the readiest means of assisting Romayne. Penrose had left his card, on his departure from London, but no address was written on it. Lord Loring, unable himself to give the required information, suggested the right person to consult.

"Father Benwell will be here later in the day," he said. "If you will write to Penrose at once, he will add the address. Are you sure, before the letter goes, that the book you want is not in my library?"

"I think not," Romayne answered; "but I will write down the title and leave it here with my letter."

The same evening he received a polite note from Father Benwell, informing him that the letter was forwarded, and that the book he wanted was not in Lord Loring's library. "If there should be any delay or difficulty in obtaining this rare volume," the priest added, "I only wait the expression of your wishes to borrow it from the library of a friend of mine residing in the country."

By return of post the answer, affectionately and gratefully written, arrived from Penrose. He regretted that he was not able to assist Romayne personally. But it was out of his power in plain words, he had been expressly forbidden by Father Benwell to leave the service on which he was then engaged. In reference to the book that was wanted, it was quite likely that a search in the catalogues of the British Museum might discover it. He had only met with it himself in the National Library at Paris.

This information led Romayne to London again, immediately. For the first time he called at Father Benwell's lodgings. The priest was at home, expecting the visit. His welcome was the perfection of unassuming politeness. He asked for the last news of "poor Mrs. Eyrecourt's health" with the sympathy of a true friend.

"I had the honor of drinking tea with Mrs. Eyrecourt, some little time since," he said; "her flow of conversation was never more delightful—it seemed impossible to associate the idea of illness with so bright a creature. And how well she kept the secret of your contemplated marriage! May I offer my humble congratulations and good wishes?"

Romayne thought it needless to say that Mrs. Eyrecourt had not been trusted with the secret until the wedding-day was close at hand.

"My wife and I agreed in wishing to be married as quietly as possible," he answered, after making the customary acknowledgments.

"And Mrs. Romayne?" pursued Father Benwell. "This is a sad trial to her. She is in attendance on her mother, I suppose?"

"In constant attendance; I am quite alone now. To change the subject, may I ask you to look at the reply which I have received from Penrose? It is my excuse for troubling you with this visit."

Father Benwell read the letter with the closest attention. In spite of his habitual self-control, his vigilant eyes brightened as he

the parcel, in case I have any other books which may be of use to you."

With these words, he dispatched the telegram to the office. Romayne attempted to make his acknowledgments. Mr. Winterfield would hear no acknowledgments.

"My dear sir," he said, with a smile that brightened his whole face, "you are engaged in writing a great historical work, and I am an obscure country gentleman, who is lucky enough to associate himself with the production of a new book. How do you know that I am not looking forward to a complimentary line in the preface? I am the obliged person, not you. Pray consider me as a handy little boy who runs on errands, or the Muse of History. Do you smoke?"

Not even tobacco would soothe Romayne's wasted and irritable nerves. Father Benwell—"all things to all men"—cheerfully accepted a cigar from a box on the table.

"Father Benwell possesses all the social virtues," Mr. Winterfield ran on. "He shall have his coffee and the largest sugar-basin that the hotel can produce. I can quite understand that your literary labors have tried your nerves," he said to Romayne, when he had ordered the coffee. "The mere title of your work overwhelms an idle man like me. 'The Origin of Religions'—what an immense subject! How far must we look back to find out the first worshipers of the human family? Where are the hieroglyphics. Mr. Romayne, that will give you the earliest information? In the unknown centre of Africa, or among the ruined cities of Yucatan? My own idea, as an ignorant man, is, that the first of all forms of worship must have been the worship of the sun. Don't be shocked, Father Benwell—I confess I have a certain sympathy with sun worship. In the East especially, the rising of the sun is surely the grandest of all objects—the visible symbol of a beneficent Deity, who gives life, warmth and light to the world of his creation."

"Very grand, no doubt," remarked Father Benwell, sweetening his coffee. "But not to be compared with the noble sight at Rome, when the Pope blesses the Christian world from the balcony of Saint Peter's."

"So much for professional feeling!" said Mr. Winterfield. "But, surely, something depends on what sort of a man the Pope is. If we had lived in the time of Alexander the Sixth, would you have called him a noble sight?"

"Certainly—at a proper distance," Father Benwell replied, briskly. "Ah, you heretics only know the worst side of that most unhappy pontiff! Mr. Winterfield, we have every reason to believe that he felt (privately) the truest remorse."

"I should require very good evidence to persuade me of it."

This touched Romayne on a sad side of his own personal experience. "Perhaps," he said, "you don't believe in remorse?"

"Pardon me," Mr. Winterfield rejoined. "I only distinguish between false remorse and true remorse. We will say no more of Alexander the Sixth, Father Benwell. If we want an illustration, I will supply it, and give no offense. True remorse depends, to my mind, on a man's actual knowledge of his own motives—by no means a common knowledge, in my experience. Say, for instance, that I have committed some serious offense—"

Romayne could not resist interrupting him. "Say you have killed one of your fellow creatures," he suggested.

"Very well. If I knew that I really meant to kill him, for some vile purpose of my own, and if (which by no means always follows) I am really capable of feeling the enormity of my own crime—that is, as I think, true remorse. Murderer, as I am, I have, in that case, some moral worth still left in me. But, if I did not mean to kill the man—if his death was my misfortune as well as his—and if (as frequently happens) I am nevertheless troubled my remorse, the true cause lies in my own inability fairly to realize my own motives before I look to results. I am the ignorant victim of false remorse; and if I will only ask myself boldly what has blinded me to the true state of the case, I shall find the mischief due to that misdirected appreciation of my own importance, which is nothing but egotism in disguise."

"I entirely agree with you," said Father Benwell; "I have had occasion to say the same thing in the confessional."

Mr. Winterfield looked at his dog, and changed the subject.

"Do you like dogs, Mr. Romayne?" he asked. "I see my spaniel's eyes saying that he likes you, and his tail begging you to take some notice of him."

Romayne caressed the dog rather absently.

His new friend had unconsciously presented to him a new view of the darker aspect of his own life. Winterfield's refined pleasant manners, his generous readiness in placing the treasures of his library at a stranger's disposal, had already appealed irresistibly to Romayne's sensitive nature. The favorable impression was now greatly strengthened by the briefly bold treatment which he had just heard of a subject in which he was seriously interested.

"I must see more of this man," was his thought, as he patted the companionable spaniel.

Father Benwell's trained observation followed the vivid changes of expression on Romayne's face, and marked the eager look in his eyes as he lifted his head from the dog to the dog's master. The priest saw his opportunity and took it.

"Do you remain long at Ten Acres Lodge?" he said to Romayne.

"I scarcely know as yet. We have no other plans at present."

"You inherit the place, I think, from your late aunt, Lady Berrick?"

"Yes."

The tone of the reply was not very encouraging; Romayne felt no interest in talking of Ten Acres Lodge. Father Benwell persisted.

"I was told by Mrs. Eyrecourt," he went on, "that Lady Berrick had some fine pictures. Are they still at the Lodge?"

"Certainly. I couldn't live in a house without pictures."

Father Benwell looked at Winterfield.

"Another taste in common between you and Mr. Romayne," he said, "besides your liking for dogs."

This at once produced the desired result Romayne eagerly invited Winterfield to see his pictures.

"There are not many of them," he said. "But they are really worth looking at. When will you come?"

"The sooner the better," Winterfield answered, cordially. "Will to-morrow do—by the noonday light?"

"Whenever you please. Your time is mine."

Among his other accomplishments, Father Benwell was a chess-player. If his thoughts at that moment had been expressed in language, they would have said, "Check to the queen."

(To be continued.)

THE BUSINESS BOOM IN NEW ORLEANS.

THE business situation at New Orleans is just now unusually favorable and full of encouragement. Prosperity seems to have returned in full measure to all the important interests of the city. The scenes on the levee are especially full of animation and picturesqueness. A correspondent of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* thus describes the scene as he saw it from the pilot-house of a large river steamer lying at the levee: "From this elevation a grand panorama is spread before you. For miles up and down the broad sweep of the harbor can be seen hundreds of river craft, ocean steamers and merchantmen, and trains of cars discharging their cargoes of the wealth of all nations. The river steamers are seen discharging their cargoes of sugar and molasses, numberless bales of cotton and immense quantities of oil-cake and cotton seed; ocean steamers and sailing vessels discharging cargoes of coffee from Rio, Santa Cruz, Laguayra and Cordova; English, French and Spanish steamers discharging the rich wines of France and Germany, fine French fruits and liquors, the waters of Vichy and Apollinaris, sardines from Bordeaux, capers and olives from Marseilles, and a hundred other delicacies from the sunny and prolific lands bordering on the Mediterranean, and from the vine-clad hills of Languedoc. You see New York steamers, with their smart American look, discharging goods from Yankee land, and the South American steamers dumping out thousands of sacks of coffee; and the West Indian steamers unloading their cargoes of luscious fruits, as bananas, oranges, pineapples, mamay and custard apples, mangoes and cherimayas. The 'up river' steamers are seen screaming like mad to get their cargoes of grain discharged, and last and not the least, the small fancy boats, selling their 'tricks' of fruit and shells."

"Up and down the levee this heterogeneous mass of freight is spread out before you; you can take it all in at one sweep of the eye; you see tens of thousands of hogheads and barrels, thousands of bales of cotton, hogheads of tobacco, sacks of oil-cake and cotton seed, sacks of coffee, thousands of boxes and packages with foreign brands and marks, piles of tropic fruits and a bewildering mass of heterogeneous articles, that almost paralyze the senses. With all of these comes the clatter of human beings (some of them semi-human, if you judge by their color) that is deafening. Here the dulcet French and still sweeter Sicilian and Italian is mingled with the raucous voices of Germans and Americans, and the inexpressible sounds of the negro patois. They are running and pushing, driving ahead, worming and squeezing through piles of freight, elbowing their own way or urging their drays through impassable vistas of sugar hogheads and bales of cotton. The sounds are stunning, and the oaths they utter in every tongue make the levee a very babel of uncouth and astounding notes and unmusical utterances. Amid all these wild and weird scenes you may now and then catch a little of the gentle and pathetic mixed with trade, rivalry and business tact. For instance, a little French girl, a vender of oranges, violets and a few glittering sea-shells, had taken refuge behind a bale of cotton. She opened her pretty little mouth and sang: 'On m'appelle Petite Beurtasse, chère Petite Beurtasse, Mais pourquoi, je n'ai pas une idée.'

"But this dear Little Buttercup was answered by another girl in the raucous tones of a Dutch girl, who was near by, in a German interpretation of 'Plinore': 'Man nennt mich Kleine Butterblume, liebe Kleine Butterblume, Obwohl ich nie gewusst warum, Doch nennt man Butterblume—'

"As to the increasing business of New Orleans, it is only necessary to give a few figures. It is proper to premise by saying that this rapid increase has occurred within the last four or five years."

"Take, for instance, the manufacture of cotton-seed oil, which in 1870 gave employment to eighteen hands, and produced \$32,000 worth of oil. This year the aggregate shows that 1,530 hands are daily employed, and produce \$2,800,000 worth. This is outside of oil-cake, so largely exported from this city, which is used as sheep and cow feed. It is not yet understood in Europe how or why Americans will export oil-cake, calling it the very 'guts of the land.' They do not realize that a large portion of the land of Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas does not require this oil-cake as a fertilizer."

"In the matter of boots and shoes, the products from local factories have arisen in a few years from \$71,000 to \$600,000. Cotton goods have sprung from \$52,000 to \$156,000 in the space of a few years. The canning of fish, which was unknown here four years ago, has reached the nice little amount of \$170,000, all at wholesale figures. The compression of cotton for export realized nearly \$1,000,000 for wages only. The iron and brassworks now in active operation show a less marked increase, showing that in 1870 their products foot \$1,400,000 and in 1880, this current year, they amount to \$1,600,000, and employ 1,219 hands, engaged regularly. The rice-mills in the city alone yield the product \$1,600,000 and employ over 200 hands. In saddlery and harness the increase has arisen from \$60,000 to \$300,000; tobacco and cigars, from \$400,000 to \$1,000,000, and increasing yearly. The manufacture of wearing apparel is another branch of business that has been stimulated from \$407,000 in 1870 to \$1,200,000 and increasing. Artificial ice is produced to the extent of nearly \$200,000, and beer the large sum of \$369,000, and employs only about seventy-five hands. Lumber, planed and sawed, foots up \$500,000; moss factories, \$153,000; millinery, \$45,000; perfumery, \$49,000; while in the manufacture of chewing and smoking tobacco \$500,000 will just about cover the products."

"The manufacture of vermicelli and macaroni has been enlarged, and is now a productive source of revenue. In the flour mills there is a very decided increase, which amounts this year to \$384,000, while in 1870 it barely touched \$39,000.

"As to the increase of value of the refined sugar products, it would be necessary to get data from each refinery, so great has been its advance, progress and increase.

"The above-mentioned industries are only a few

of the many now in progress, and will throw some light upon the activity, enterprise and industry of these people, and help to refute some of the misrepresentations made of them by other cities which desire to sell all these things in New Orleans."

The Irish Situation.

IT is stated that there are now 21,000 troops looking after the Land League in Ireland. There are seven regiments of cavalry alone, including three of dragoons, in the island. When to this large force is added the Irish Constabulary, which numbers several thousand, it will be seen that Ireland is not by any means the least guarded part of England's possessions. It is expected that the garrison will number 30,000 men of all arms by the 1st of January. The constabulary have received orders to protect bailiffs engaged in preventing the return of evicted tenants.

A very doubtful report comes from London that Mr. Parnell is to be deposed from the leadership of the Land League and Michael Davitt installed in his place. Captain Archdale has called on the loyal men of his estate at Derrygonge to oppose the Land League, and a conflict is feared. It is stated that Manning, Lord Kenmare's agent, who was the prosecutor against Messrs. Healy and Walsh, is to be "Boycotted." The secretaries of the Boycott fund in London have received threatening letters from local sources.

Over fifty witnesses are being summoned by the Crown for the Land League trials. Subpoenas have been handed to the reporters of the *Daily Express*, summoning them to produce their original notes of speeches and proceedings at meetings of the Land League in Dublin since February last. It is understood that the traversers also intend to summon several reporters in connection with the meetings of the League.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

M. Charnay has been refused permission to remove from Mexico any antiquities he may discover, the house of deputies, by a large majority, declining to sanction such removal.

The International Congress of Physicians who make a specialty of ear diseases will have their next meeting in 1884 at Basle, Switzerland. The first one was held at Philadelphia in 1875, and the one this year at Milan.

Dr. Ebers, the well-known Egyptologist, has obtained at Thebes an ancient Egyptian papyrus roll containing a treatise on medicine. Considerable space is devoted to diseases of the eye, in the treatment of which the Egyptians were very skilful.

Professor Dufour, of Paris, has devised a thermometric apparatus which is so sensitive that it will denote by a deflection of the index needle of two inches—the change of temperature caused by the entrance of a person into the room where it is placed.

The Latest and most notable achievement in organic chemistry has been accomplished by Messrs. Grimaux and Adam. They have succeeded in converting glycerine into citric acid by a "building-up" process which will attract the attention of workers in synthsical chemistry over the world, but which will be best studied by specialists in our best scientific literature of science.

The Third International Congress of Geographical Sciences will be held at Venice in September, 1881. The Italian Government will apply for a special credit of 50,000 francs for the Italian co-operation in the congress. The Danish Government has already granted 30,000 francs to the Copenhagen Geographical Society to meet the expenses of its participation in the congress. An exhibition will take place in the Grand Ducal Palace of Venice, placed at the disposal of the Italian Geographical Society, three days after the closing of the congress, and the Industrial Exhibition held at Milan will remain open until the end of September to enable the delegates to visit it.

Assistant-Surgeon Glazier, at Key West, Fla., reports to the Marine Hospital Bureau that fishermen returning from the coast of Florida with fish in an apartment of their boats, communicating freely with the surrounding water, have found that they died suddenly on reaching a certain kind of water, distinguishable by its color. There is nothing known as to the origin of the poisonous qualities of the waters that affect the fish in this way, but the prevalent opinion seems to be that there is something emitted into the beds of the fresh water courses from volcanic or geyser-like springs, and that as soon as the water thus impregnated reaches the sea it kills every living thing that comes under its influence.

It is understood that a new variety of silkworm has been discovered accidentally in the mountains of Nevada. Naturalists pronounce the worms *Bombyx quericus*. It is a silkworm that feeds on oak leaves, and is largely used in China. It makes several broods in a year, and its silk has peculiar qualities. The fibre is stronger. All other silkworms, in emerging from the cocoon, cut a hole for exit, which, by breaking the continuity of the thread in unwinding, renders it of little value. The *Bombyx quericus* pushes aside the threads instead of cutting them, and the cocoon is as valuable as others reserved in ordinary kinds for spinning by killing the contained worm. This new silkworm is harder than the old. It is raised in the open air, needing neither care nor shelter.

An Indiana Scientist, who had a collection of frogs recently found the dead body of one of them behind a register in his office, evidently having died from starvation. On dissecting the body he found the lungs clogged with thousands of black crystals which looked like coarse gunpowder. Under the microscope those crystals presented regular facets with smooth surfaces, presenting the same angle of crystallization as the diamond. On burning them they gave off carbonic acid gas, and they are pure crystals of carbon, as the diamond is. The investigator therupon propounds the theory that in the ages gone by the huge reptiles of the antediluvian period, dying under circumstances similar to those under which the frog died, may have formed large crystals of carbon in their lungs which were afterwards transformed into the hard and lustrous diamond.

Russian Geographical Exploration has been carried on with energy for 200 years. Even her recent troubles have not caused Russia to relax in the least her exertions in this field. During the past year quite a host of expeditions have been sent out. One explorer has sailed up the Obi in the north of the Tobolok Government between the 70th and 78th degree of east longitude forests of enormous pines considerably beyond the conjectural limits of wood. Another explorer from Omsk crossed the Kirghis steppe into Turkestan, discovering a fine carriage route between Akmolinsk and the town of Turkestan. The St. Petersburg Geographical Society have had six expeditions on foot during the past year. Two of these are occupied with the exploration of Central Asia—that under Colonel Prejevalsky, and another under M. Potanin to southwestern Mongolia, which had to turn back because of the relations between Russia and China. Two other explorers have been examining the Uzboi bed of the Amou-Darya and the mouths of that river, in connection with the proposed improvements in the water communication with Central Asia. Another traveler has been exploring the glacier of Zarafshan, one of the greatest in Central Asia, with peaks around it rising to 20,000 feet. In the Ural region traces have been found of an ancient prehistoric city. It is a pity that the complete results of so important work are so inaccessible to the Western geographers of Europe.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

M. DE LA RUE-BEAUMARCAIS, grandson of the famous Beaumarchais, has just died in France at the age of seventy-eight.

MR. JUSTICE HUNT, of the United States Supreme Court, has learned to write with his left hand since his right became paralyzed.

KING KALAKAUA of Hawaii is coming to this country in February. He has personal friends in Omaha whom he proposes to visit.

PROFESSOR JAMES M. HOPPIN, of New Haven, has been asked to take Dr. Adams's vacant chair as Instructor in Homiletics in the Union Theological Seminary.

It is stated that before the Czar left Livadia the police found a newly dug tunnel running from a barn near the railway. The owner of the barn, who has a son exiled in Siberia, shot himself on the discovery.

A LONDON letter says that when Lady Burdett-Coutts ascertained that she could not marry Mr. Ashmead Bartlett without losing a large part of her fortune, she settled with him by giving him half a million of dollars.

CAPTAIN EADS has been cordially received at the City of Mexico by all the Government officials and other leading men. The Government appears willing to assist him in his Tebanepetco project and the newspapers commend him.

THE Empress Eugenie is a very wealthy woman. She has estates in Hungary, Spain, France, Switzerland, Italy and England, besides the product of savings and speculations and the insurances on the life of the Emperor Napoleon.

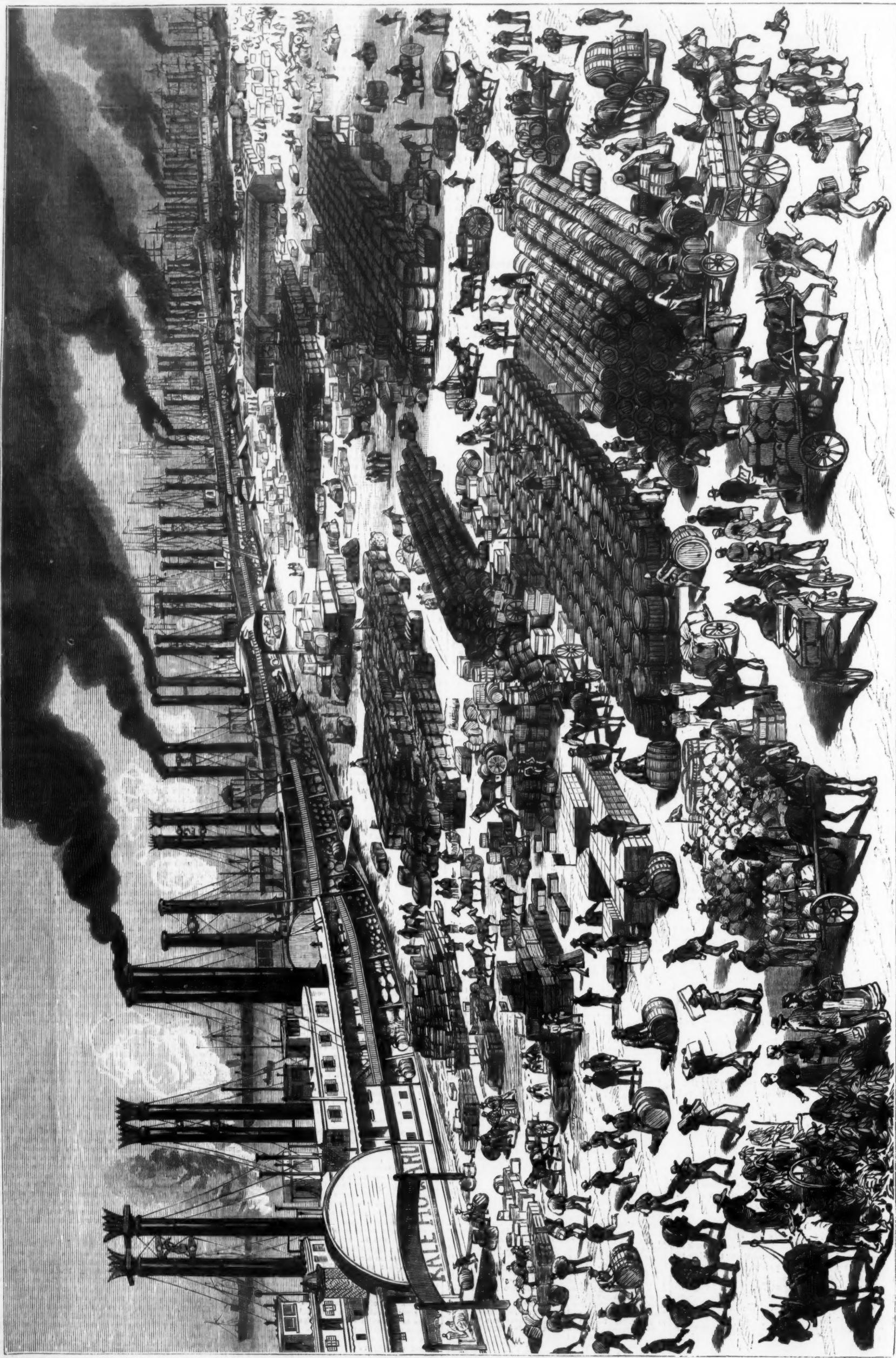
THE Hon. Amos T. Akerman died at his home in Carterville, Ga., December 21st. He had been sick for a week with inflammatory rheumatism. He was Attorney-General of the United States from June, 1870, to January, 1872.

LORD PENZANCE has passed sentence of deprivation against the Rev. Mr. De La Béra, Vicar of Prestbury, who has contumaciously disobeyed the previous order of the Court of Arches suspending him for six months for ritualistic practices.

GEORGE HOWE, of Brattleborough, Vt., who has been United States District Attorney for that State, has been employed by General Walker, Superintendent of the Census, to make a careful report on the Poor Laws of Great Britain as compared with those of the United States.

JAMES W. ENGLISH, the newly-elected Mayor of Atlanta, Ga., was a rebel soldier who gave up at Appomattox and came into the city in May, 1865, with fifty cents in his pocket. He began work there, carrying brick at fifty cents a day, but is now one of the city's heavy men.

THE members of the Bar at Galveston and New Orleans have indorsed with almost entire unanimity the nomination of Hon. F. B. Woods for Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and have requested the members of



LOUISIANA.—THE BUSINESS BOOM IN THE SOUTH—A SCENE ON THE LEVEE AT NEW ORLEANS.—FROM A SKETCH BY JOSEPH HORTON.—SEE PAGE 319.

THE STEAM YACHT "YOSEMITE."

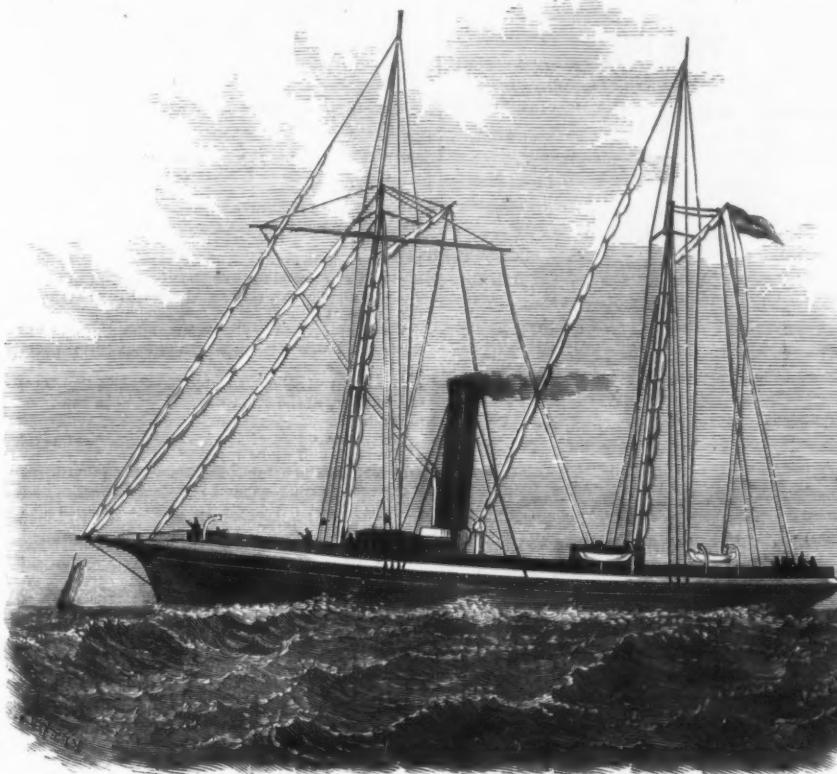
THE new iron steam yacht *Yosemite*, built by John Roach for William Belden, is the latest exponent of the progress of marine architecture, and for speed is a decided marvel. The *Yosemite* is built almost entirely of iron. She is 200 feet long and 24 feet in the beam. She has an iron spar deck covering the vessel from stem to stern, and is schooner-rigged. She has a high-pressure cylinder 28½ inches in diameter, and two low-pressure cylinders, each 40 inches, with a stroke of piston of 33 inches. The propeller wheel is 11 feet in diameter, with 17 feet pitch.

The appointments of the vessel are first-class in all respects. The main saloon is furnished in polished hard woods, and the trimmings are silver-plated. Heavy mirrors adorn the bulkhead. Adjoining each of the staterooms is a bathroom. On deck are the pilot-house and the smoking and card room, built of mahogany. She carries four boats. Her sides have a tumble-in of about twelve inches, and her smokestack and masts rake aft. It is said that the saucy-looking craft can easily make twenty geographical miles an hour, and outsteam any other yacht afloat 100 miles in twenty-four hours. In a trial trip on the Delaware River she made seventy miles in four hours. Mr. Belden will pass the coming season on board the *Yosemite* among the Windward Islands.

THREATENED DESTRUCTION OF THE LONG BRANCH PIER.

A STORM of wind and snow, originating in the Gulf of Mexico, and which had made itself felt at various points along the Atlantic coast during the previous three or four days, reached the vicinity of New York on Monday night, December 20th. At Long Branch the storm was severe, but no wrecks or loss of life are reported on the coast. The Iron Pier was somewhat damaged, several of the iron piles at the outermost end being broken off by the pounding of the outside wooden piles against them, and carrying down the wooden flooring for a space of fifty feet long by fifteen wide.

Besides the injury to the pier-head, the storm caused more or less obstruction to railway travel on the New Jersey Southern Road. Two engines, each with a passenger-car attached, were snowed in, within a mile of each other, at Branchport. The passengers were transferred to a hotel. The blockade on the Southern



THE NEW IRON STEAM YACHT "YOSEMITE."

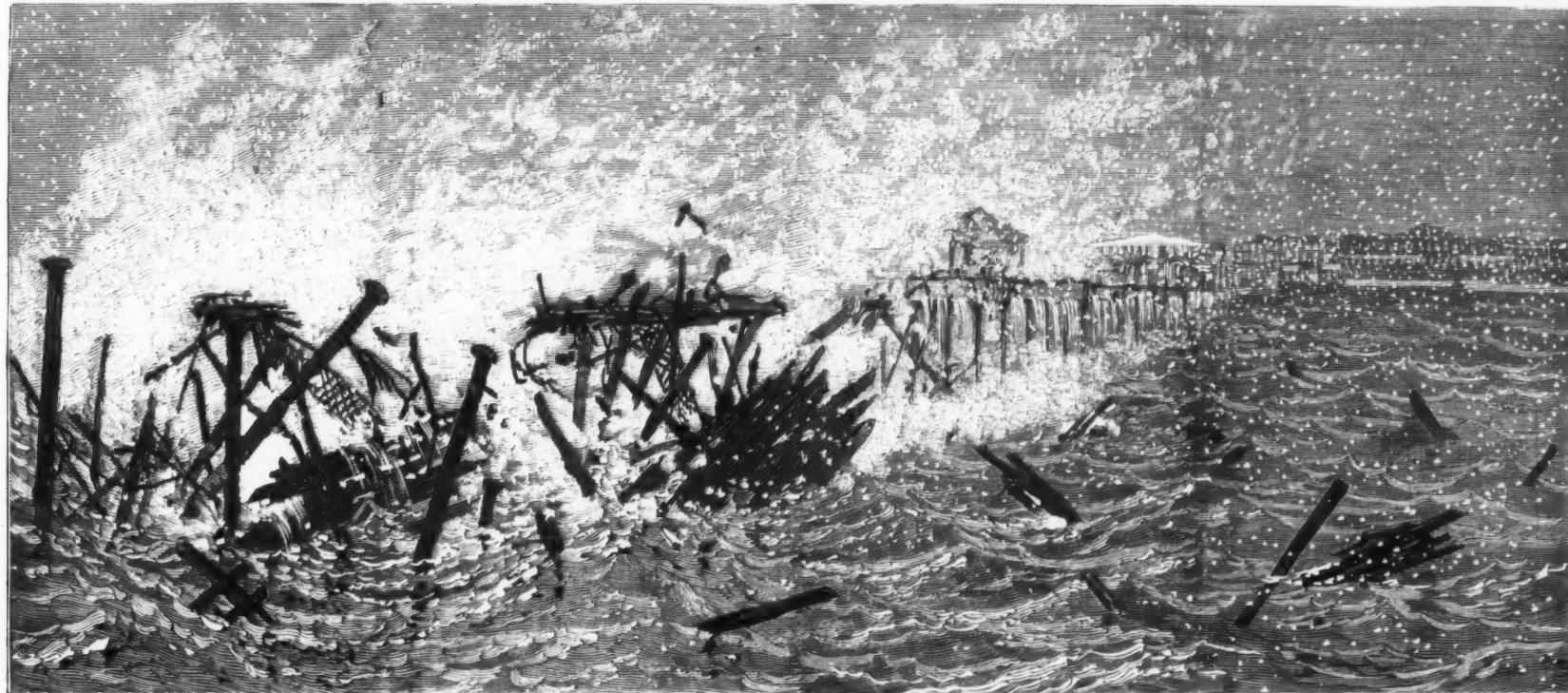
a lofty groin with pendants. The audience-room is tastefully furnished with carpets and cushions in magenta and crimson colors, which contrast well with the ash and chestnut of the wood-work. The chandeliers are of solid brass and bronze, and the building is lighted by electricity. On the platform is a circular open baptistery, faced in front with Tennessee marble.

PIN-MONEY FOR WIVES.

A LONDON correspondent of an American paper writes: "I think every wife ought to have an allowance of her own, of which she should be absolute mistress. American husbands are less inclined to make this arrangement with their wives than husbands of any other nationality. In England not only do wives have their pin-money, but each daughter has also her separate allowance, upon which she dresses herself. This allowance is hers to do exactly as she pleases with, and she must not exceed it. It is an excellent arrangement in every way, because it not only saves a woman's self-respect, not to be placed in the attitude of a beggar, but it also teaches her habits of economy, and accustoms her to the disbursement of money. English wives, high and low, keep household accounts in a way which would surprise many American women. Every penny spent in the house goes down in 'The Housekeeper's Book,' with which every mistress of a household is provided. Every bill is filed away carefully when received. In fact, a perfect system of order prevails, which enables every man to know exactly what it costs him to keep up his home. In this country every expenditure is made to bear its proper relation to the income received. House-rent must be only such a percentage, table outlay so much, servants' wages so much, wife and daughters' dress so much, children's schooling so much, almsgiving so much, and if at the end of one year it is found that the income has been exceeded, these people immediately proceed to reduce items in every department."

PROFITS OF AUTHORSHIP.

THE \$60,000 received by Lord Beaconsfield for his last novel is believed to represent the largest amount given in England for any work of fiction. Scott received \$40,000 for "Woodstock," and George Eliot the same amount for "Middlemarch." Bulwer-Lytton's



NEW JERSEY.—THREATENED DESTRUCTION OF THE IRON PIER AT LONG BRANCH DURING THE STORM OF DECEMBER 21ST.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

Road was not removed until Wednesday noon, when the first train passed through to New York. On the New Jersey Central two engines were kept running over the road during the night, and there was no serious detention to travel.

At Freeport, L. I., there were fifteen inches of snow; at Bordentown, N. J., nearly a foot on the level and three in drifts; at Washington, the ground was covered to a depth of eight inches, while in Northern Virginia snow fell for thirty-three hours without intermission, impeding travel and breaking down trees.

During Tuesday evening the storm passed out to sea.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

THE new First Baptist Church of Brooklyn, N. Y., of which the Rev. James B. Thomas is pastor, stands on the corner of Pierrepont and Clinton Streets, having a frontage of ninety-eight feet on the former and one hundred and four on the latter. The main entrance is on the corner, the large vestibule being reached by broad and easy stairways inside the main walls. There are smaller entrances on each of the streets. The building material is of pressed brick, with Ohio stone cornices, trimmings and ornaments.

The first floor is nearly on a level with the sidewalk, and contains rooms for lecturing, prayer-meetings, Sunday-school, Bible and infant classes, library, parlors, dining-room and a complete kitchen. All these apartments can be thrown into one large room, the sub-divisions being by sliding-doors and glass partitions. The audience-room, with a seating capacity of 1,300, contains all the recognized improvements in ventilation and arrangement. Every seat faces the platform, which is in the corner of the church, and, the room being free from pillars or obstruction of any kind, is desirable.

The ceiling is of iron, and displays



NEW YORK.—NEW FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH ON PIERREPONT STREET, BROOKLYN.

earlier novels, even when he was the rage, did not bring him in more than from \$3,000 to \$5,000; but he subsequently received handsome amounts for copyright of a collective edition. Lord Beaconsfield's earlier novels, notwithstanding the success of the first, "Vivian Grey," had a very limited sale, and could be bought for next to nothing within a few months of publication. They never became in general request as components of a library, and in England were only read with interest by persons familiar with political and social life. "Coningsby" excited by far the most interest, and the key, which soon afterwards appeared, was eagerly scrutinized. Probably "Endymion" and "Lothair" have, together, produced more than double of all the previous works of the author, albeit very inferior to some of them. The "Curiosities of Literature" of the elder Disraeli must have produced a large sum of money. It forms a part of every good collection of English books, and has passed through many editions. Dickens left \$400,000, and a considerable slice of this came from books; but it was his "readings" which made him affluent, and so, too, with Thackeray. For receipts from actual writing no one has yet approached Scott, whose income for several years ranged from \$50,000 to \$75,000, mainly drawn from this source. Richardson was the first Englishman who made a really good thing out of writing, and mainly because he was publisher of his own novels. In the past thirty years French novelists have received very large sums, but Balzac's rewards for his genius and tremendous toll were miserably small. Probably Miss Braddon's receipts from writing rank among the first half-dozen highest among writers of fiction. She has the advantage of having a publisher for a husband. Reynolds, who wrote "The Mysteries of London" and other works of a sensational type, was, from a pecuniary point of view, one of the most successful British authors. Many of those books which pay so well

are the last which would occur to persons as being lucrative. Thus, "Thornton's Family Prayers" has been a little mine of money to an English family.

"MY PARTNER."

OUR picture shows one of the most striking situations in what the press and public (with singular unanimity) have alike pronounced "the best play of American life that has been brought on the boards." "My Partner" was written for Louis Aldrich and Charles T. Parsloe by that excellent native dramatist, Bartley Campbell, Esq. When first produced, a little over a year ago, at the Union Square Theatre it made what has been justly termed an "electric success." In fact, the town was taken by storm, and critics have since designated it as "the play that made the fame of its author in a night." To the excellence of the play is added the strong realistic acting of Mr. Aldrich, who depicts with wonderful fidelity the noble-hearted hero of the mining camp, and the self-sacrifice of a true man, together with Mr. Parsloe's most excellent assumption of the Chinaman of to-day as he is. While the situations of this play are strong, the scenes are real and the interest purely domestic and natural. There is no red fire, there are no revolvers, no lynchings; but wit, pathos and genuine home-and-heart utterances and action that appeal to the better natures, and never fail to bring forth a smile and a tear:

"A simple story of the West,
But not of fight or savage brave,
But of a love as tender, true,
As ever knight to lady gave."

Crowded houses—the same as whenever and wherever presented—are now greeting this great play.

FUN.

JACK (aged four, taking a walk): "What becomes of people when they die?" Mamma: "They turn into dust, dear." Jack: "What a lot of people there must be on this road, then."

A LITTLE girl had a penny given her to put in the collection-box at church. When she dropped in the coin, she exclaimed: "That's the way the money goes, pop goes the weasel!"

ARTIST (to a porter).—"You carried my picture to the Academy and handed it over to the committee?" Porter: "Yes, and it pleased 'em mighty. It would have done you good to see 'em laugh."

ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN.—Brigson (at last winging a pheasant, after missing right and left all day): "Ah, hal Knocked him over that time, Jenkins!" Keeper: "Yes, sir; they will fly into it sometimes!"

"WHAT luck did you have fishing yesterday, Breckenridge?" asked a gentleman of a well-known impudent character who owes everybody. "Splendid! While I was out on the wharf twenty men with bills called at my house to collect money."

MINISTER (to Rory).—"Why weren't you at the kirk on Sunday?" Rory: "I wis at Mr. Dunlop's kirk." Minister: "I don't like your running about tae strange kirks in that way. Not that I object tae yer hearing Mr. Dunlop; but I'm shure ye widna like yer ain sheep straying away into strange pastures." Rory: "I widna care a grain, sir, if it was better gross."

A HUSBAND of a very fashionable and talkative wife was out walking a few days ago with his little girl, when he met a friend, who admired the child very much. "It's a beautiful child," said the friend, "and looks very much like its mother, particularly about the mouth." "Maybe so," responded the husband-father, "but I have never seen its mouth at rest long enough to tell what it looks like."



[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY DANA]

MARY ANDERSON.

THE subject of this sketch is at present the most successful theatrical star in America. She is now playing an engagement in New York City, at Haverty's Fifth Avenue Theatre, and has achieved a most extraordinary triumph, both artistically and financially. This is not strange, for during her absence from our local stage she has become more finished and artistic in her methods and more charming in her personality. Her tour of the East and West before opening in New York City was a series of triumphs, and the business at every theatre where she appeared was phenomenally large.

FLORIDA AS A WINTER RESORT.

FLORIDA is now the Mecca towards which the eyes of our health pilgrims instinctively turn so soon as the snow begins to come down from the dark-gray clouds, and the nor'easter to whistle its harsh and marrow-freezing notes—notes that set one's teeth on edge like a false chord in music. The question "Where shall we go to in Florida?" is the natural sequence of the health pilgrim so soon as he considers the hour has arrived for the caravan to start, and to this query Mr. David E. Taylor responds in one of the handiest of hand-books, a *rude menu*, the perusal of which brings orange and banana groves almost, as Sir John Falstaff hath it, "within nose-whiff," and begets a longing in the hearts of the most vigorous for the *dolce frumenta* lying in wait for them whose destiny directs to a land bathed in balmy sunshine. Mr. Taylor gives us a map and several admirably executed illustrations of the country. He tells us when to stop, where to lay off, where to bathe. He describes the tropical glories of banana, magnolia

and cypress groves with a glowing pen. He gives us the temperature at different halting places; describes the sulphur springs, the soil, the flora—as Florida is the land of flowers—and the animal life. He takes us on excursions; he instructs us as to our apparel, its nature, and his advice to invalids comes home to common sense. The great question of hotel is not neglected, and boat and railroad tables inform us when, where and how to reach the Land of Flowers. In a word, "Where to in Florida?" is thoroughly readable, utterly independent of the immediate object in view, and we congratulate Mr. Taylor upon his timely and elegant brochure.

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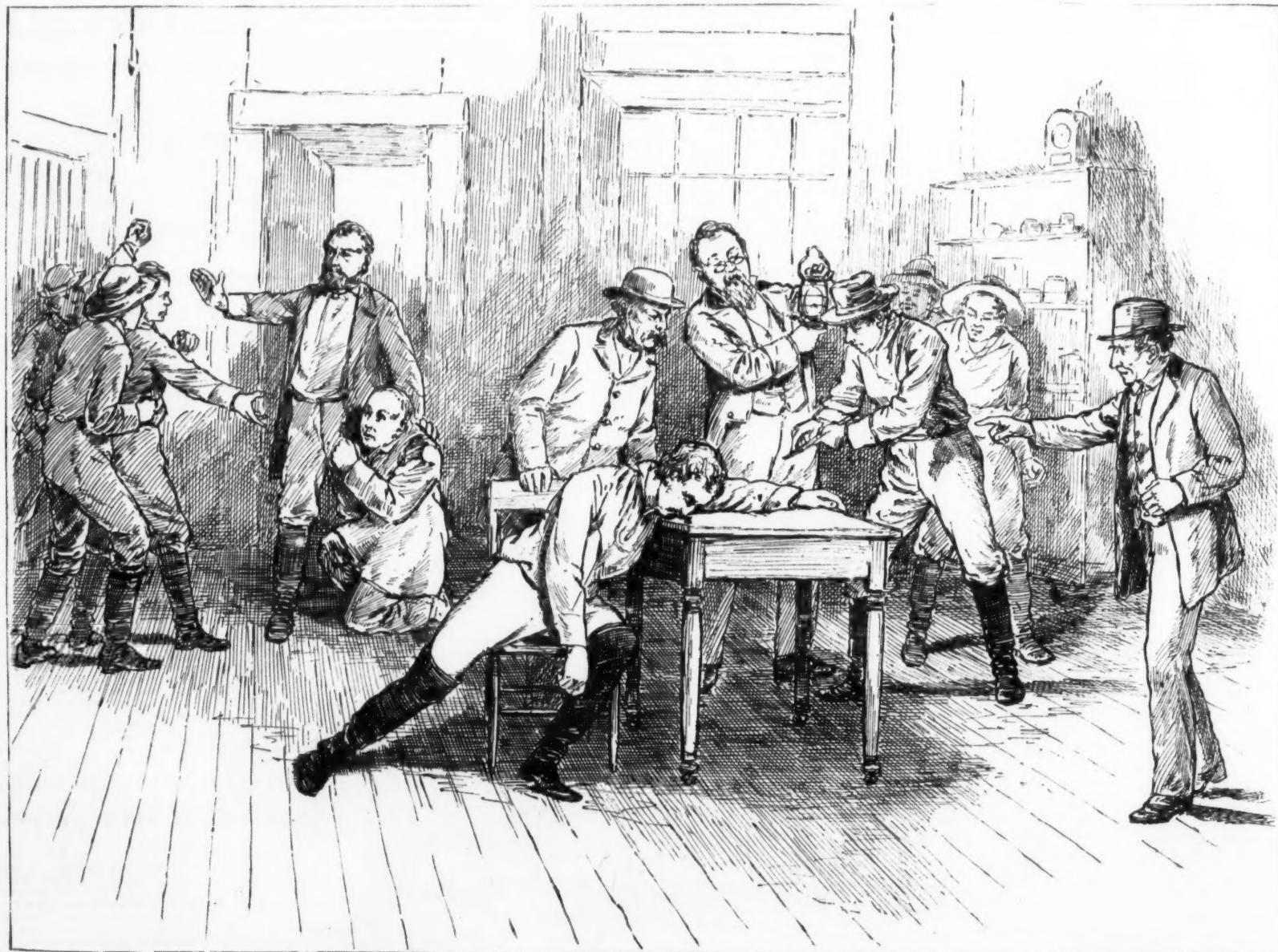
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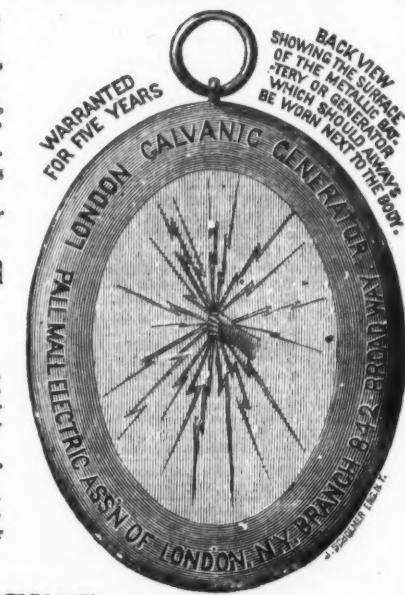
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